BX 4705
.H79 B5

37.8460

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

THE LIBRARY
OF CONGRESS
WASHINGTON

OF

THE MOST

REV. JOHN HUGHES, D.D.,

Archbishop of New York.

WITH PORTRAIT.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
CITY OF WASHINGTON
1863

NEW YORK:
OFFICE OF THE "METROPOLITAN RECORD," No. 419 BROADWAY.
1864.

BX4705
.H79B5

THE LIBRARY
OF CONGRESS
WASHINGTON

A portion of the following Biographical Sketch of the late Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, appeared in the *Metropolitan Record*, but the demand for the paper was so great that it was impossible to supply all the copies that were required. This pamphlet is, however, intended to supply, to some extent, the demand of the public.

The writer of this heartfelt but inadequate tribute to the memory of the late Archbishop has endeavored to present rather a summary of the principal events of his life, than to give even a Biographical Sketch. There are doubtless many matters not even alluded to, but which the future biographer will dwell upon in detail, as they are all connected with the progress of the Church in this country. The prayers of the whole Catholic community will be offered up for his eternal repose, and many a tear will be shed as they think of the great Prelate who has passed away, the indomitable champion of the Faith, who yielded only to the King of Terrors himself. *Requiescat in pace.*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE

MOST REV. JOHN HUGHES, D.D.,

ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.

It is rarely that a community is called upon to mourn the loss of so great a Prelate and so illustrious a citizen as the late Archbishop of New York. His name has long been a household word, and his fame is bounded only by the limits of the Christian world. For more than thirty years he occupied a prominent place in the public mind, and the blank that is caused by his death, as well as the deep feeling of regret with which the announcement was received by all classes, by the members of every religious denomination, without exception, are among the strongest proofs that could be presented of the high character and transcendent abilities of the great Prelate.

After a painful and protracted illness the Archbishop expired at half-past 7 o'clock P.M. of January 3, 1864. For some years previous to his decease he had suffered severely from rheumatic affections, and these were the proximate, if not the immediate, cause of his death. It was generally known that he was seriously, though it was hoped not dangerously, ill for many weeks before his decease; but when the fact was announced in

several of our churches on New Year's Day the news created the most profound sensation throughout the Catholic community. When the officiating Clergymen, in subdued and sorrow-stricken accents, informed their several congregations of his condition, and asked, on his behalf, their prayers for the "grace of a happy death," the announcement fell upon their ears with a shock like that of a thunderbolt, creating the most profound sensation and grief. It was, indeed, sad and mournful intelligence, for the great Prelate of the American Church had beeen so interblent with their every thought, that it seemed as if some dearly-beloved relative from the household of each member of the Catholic community was stricken down by the fell Destroyer. Only those who are acquainted with the relations existing between the well-beloved Archbishop and his flock, can tell how deep was the affection and love which they felt for their Chief Pastor. He had been appointed their Bishop at a time when a narrow-minded and intolerant portion of the community sought to impose upon Catholics a proselytizing system of education in direct conflict with the principles of our Holy Faith, and subversive of our rights as American citizens.

The Archbishop was, in fact, the great representative man of the Catholic Church in America, the devoted, unswerving, and fearless champion of Catholic rights and liberties in the New World. For "the Faith once delivered to the Saints" he prayed and preached; he wrote and spoke, he lived and labored; for it he struggled with partizan politicians; for it he dared danger and defied unpopularity; for it he sacrificed ease and leisure, and held himself equally prepared to meet any attacks upon its doctrines, or to repel any outrage upon its rights. Admirably adapted by physical and intellectual organization for the stormy time in which his life was cast; with a "heart of controversy" that shrank from no peril, with nerves that

danger only strung to keener tension, with an intellect that opposition acted upon as flint does on the steel, and with a will that bent but to the decrees of the Almighty, he was just the man to stand the brunt of the fierce assaults to which the infant Church of the United States was subjected, and to triumph in the end. Ever ready, for its sake, to take up or fling down the gage of battle, indefatigable in promoting its interests, he wore himself out in building it up, and it stands to-day his monument and his epitaph. What Christian bishop ever had a nobler or more glorious one? A monument that will last while earth revolves upon its axis—an epitaph that the hand of time is powerless to erase! Never, perhaps, since the Apostolic days, did the Church owe so much to one man as to Archbishop Hughes. He found the Church in America weak and struggling, he left it strong and vigorous, its roots striking deeper and deeper into the soil, and its branches spreading further and further every year. During his episcopate churches sprung up as if by magic, schools multiplied, academies and colleges were founded, and charitable, benevolent and religious institutions arose and flourished. He infused into the Catholic community something of his own energy and untiring spirit, and gave an impulse to Catholic life that will not soon pass away. Nothing could exceed his zeal for the glory of God's house; in the words of the sacred writer, it had "eaten him up." He could not endure that Temples in which the Son of Man deigned to dwell should be held at the mercy of any creditor, and the exertions he made to clear off all liabilities on the churches of New York are still vividly remembered. All these hard days of struggle and labor, when the people and their chief pastor worked together for that glorious purpose were the seed time of the Church, and let us thank the Almighty for that merciful dispensation of His Providence which permitted the Archbishop to see the

result of his labors in the springing harvest. Perhaps there never was a Bishop so thoroughly identified with his people as Archbishop Hughes; he felt for and with them, he thought of and for them; but his love and care for them, great as it was, could not exceed their love for and pride in him. And this was a feeling common to all Catholics, whether high or low, learned or illiterate, and this was the secret of the Archbishop's wonderful influence. His love for his people and their love for him, gave to his merest suggestion the force of a command, to his slightest wish the power of a law. In the mind of sectarians, *he* was the Church; *he* was the personification of its qualities and the embodiment of its pretensions; *he* was its advocate, its champion, its expounder and its architect, and on him they poured the full vials of their wrath and indignation. They might annoy but they could not intimidate, for the brave heart of the Bishop throbbed as evenly when his home and life were threatened by a bigotted and insensate mob, as it did when presiding over a Diocesan Convention in his own episcopal city. Indeed, his utter fearlessness, his unwavering resolution, his indomitable will, and his firmness of purpose, gained him the esteem of generous opponents, and awakened in meaner minds a salutary dread of coming in conflict with him. Not in the United States alone was his pre-eminence acknowledged and his lofty qualities appreciated—in every part of the Catholic world his name was a household word. Ireland placed him high among her noblest and most gifted sons, and Rome regarded him as one of the staunchest pillars of the Church of God.

The love and pride that Ireland felt in him he repaid in kind. Throughout all his life he took a deep and abiding interest in everything that concerned her, everything that affected her for weal or woe. Next to his devotion to the Church, and his love for the people committed to his spiritual care, was his love for Ireland,

the land from which he derived his most striking characteristics—his genius, his intellectual combativeness, his force of will, his quick perception, his pride of race, his cutting sarcasm and his genial humor, his generosity, his warm feelings, and his sensitiveness on the point of fame or reputation. His generosity was as unostentatious as it was untiring. The writer of this was cognizant of many and many an act of munificent generosity so delicately bestowed that to the recipients it seemed rather a friendly gift than a charitable donation.

As a preacher, the Archbishop was logical and argumentative rather than florid or impassioned. He was clear, calm and convincing—eloquent, not ornate ; not the spurious eloquence of glittering words, but the genuine eloquence of original ideas ; not emotional, yet affecting in no ordinary degree. His voice, clear, sonorous, musical and tenderly sympathetic, found its way at once to the heart. And, while penning these lines, the writer almost imagines he hears the melodious tones echoing in his ears, and sees the keen yet kindly grey eyes overlooking the congregation from the pulpit of the Cathedral. We can recall, as it were, but yesterday, the first time we heard the Archbishop preach, (and his was the first sermon we ever reported,) and closing our eyes we see before us the imposing figure, clad in episcopal purple, the magnificently developed head covered with a velvet skull cap, from underneath which the scanty grey locks fell, shading the massive temple, and softening down the severe yet benignant features ; the winning smile, the graceful action, the eagle face and the manly form. His graceful, appropriate action and his exquisitely modulated voice added not a little to the charms of his sermons. He was, in short, one of the first ecclesiastical orators of the age, and his sermons never fell on dull or inattentive ears.

One so singularly gifted would be a loss to the

Church at any time and in any country, but particularly so here and now. However, "He who doeth all things well" knows the best time to recall and reward His servants, and to Him we look to fill the void which He has created in the widowed Church of New York.

Those who remember our beloved and lamented Archbishop only in the fall of life, will read the following account of his appearance in youth and middle age with strangely mingled feelings.

Speaking of a portrait which the writer (Mrs. Maury) saw, she uses the following touching language:

"The youthful Priest is painted in his robe of white and stole of silver; the Sacred Book lies open before him; the complexion is fair and ruddy; the forehead thoughtful; the lip severe; the hair in profusion, light and curling; the countenance is benign, full of sweetness, and possessing that elevated and unearthly expression which is so frequent among the Superior Priesthood of the Catholic Church; the picture reminded me of the beloved Evangelist whose name he bears. But changed is the face of youth and hope since he was torn from the peaceful labors of the cloister, and compelled to run the gauntlet through the ranks of prejudiced and angry politicians. It is now a face of care, of age, and sometimes of suffering. The Bishop somewhat stoops, but not from age, for he has not yet numbered fifty winters; nor from infirmity, for his make is muscular, though not of large proportions; but study, prayer, and other Priestly duties have laid their impress on his frame; and he yields not to the requirements made upon his time for needful repose or ease; "Sleep, nature's soft nurse," is oftentimes by him unsought; his frugal meal is consumed in haste, like the Passover; the heat of summer and the cold of winter are both by him alike unheeded; if the infant require baptism, the young instruction, the betrothed their marriage, the pious their communion, if the guilty desires to unburthen his conscience, the peni-

tent to be absolved from his sin, or the dying to be consoled with the last affecting sacrament of his religion —for all and each of these this Catholic Priest is ready and willing to devote each hour, to surrender all personal comfort, to risk his health or safety, and even to die in the fulfillment of his duty. And this is the universal spirit of the admirable Clergy of which he is the prototype."

The same author from whom we have already quoted gives the following interesting particulars in regard to the late Archbishop:

The Bishop of New York is the master mind of that Hierarchy which is the main instrument in producing the results I have alluded to; and I learned from the highest authority in Canada, that by the Ecclesiastical Court of Rome he is considered as the Right Arm of the Catholic Faith throughout the world, and that there is no Dignitary in the whole sphere of the Church whose movements are the subject of such intense and anxious interest as those of this modest, retiring, and illustrious Prelate.

It is a common proverb that *circumstance* makes the hero; but no circumstance has made the Bishop: on the contrary, he has himself carved out the *circumstance* of his position. His native country* is oppressed; his Religion persecuted; his birth obscure, and friends unknown; no great event presented to his ambition the means and opportunity of self elevation; genius and poverty were his only portion; but "sweet are the uses of adversity," the apparent drawbacks became the stepping-stones of his advancement; he cast behind him persecution and obscurity, and in the unconscious nobleness and enthusiasm of his youth, he sought and found a sphere worthy of his life and of his virtue. Mere change of country is all the *circumstance* that has befriended his lot; and it is to his own indefatigable self-subduing mind that we must attribute his progressive fortunes; his comprehensive faculties at once grappled with his position, and the laborious but exemplary labors which it involved; and every energy has been applied to the vast range of duty which he has alloted as his own appointed task. No man ever struggled for an earthly, as he for a heavenly crown.

Evil and ill-informed men have, for their own purposes, accused him of attempts to mingle in politics, because he dared to assert, in free America, the civil and religious privileges of his people. Cruel attacks were made upon his character, and had he not

---

* Ireland.

been steeled in conscientious rectitude, his sensitive nature must have sunk beneath these ungenerous insinuations. Seven successive days saw him sustaining the unequal contest, for his single voice was opposed to multitudes; but the cause was righteous, and affected the salvation of his flock; and neither intolerance nor bigotry were suffered to prevail against him. He was triumphant in the result of every argument, and left his opponents equally dismayed and humiliated by his talents and his victory. His constancy is equal to his courage; and were the same ordeal to be repeated, this brave priest would be found, despite injurious calumny and bigoted oppression, firm at the post of danger and of honor.

But these events developed the vast influence he possesses, by the singling out of parties, and by showing in bold and striking relief the ascendency of the magnificent Prelate; men were suddenly awakened and surprised into a sense of his overwhelming authority.

Venal minds are incapable of comprehending the possession and consciousness of power as distinct from its exercise or its abuse; and the host of political intriguers at once inferred that the Bishop, being *al-powerful*, must, of necessity, be *all-mischievous*. Selfish and active demonstration is, in their crude apprehension, the sole attribute of dominion; they cannot understand that Power does ofttimes love to slumber; that to forbear is mightier than to execute—to will than to act; that the first is the prerogative of the Supreme, the second the portion of the delegate. In their vulgar, self-instructed capacity they judged the Bishop; and presumed that he would bow his Mitre before the god of *their* vile world, and bend his Crozier at the altar of *their* base Mammon.

The glorious Prelate heard these false charges with pity and disgust: he kept his own high-way, and turned not to the right hand, neither to the left. Disdaining to reply to his injurious accusers, he appealed, in dignity and in respect, to the candid, enlightened, and generous spirit of the people of America; and thus, before a righteous and august Tribunal, he pleaded for himself:—

"My public and private life has been devoted sedulously to the duties of my station.

"I have never in my life done any action, or uttered any sentiment, tending to abridge a human being of all or any of the Rights of Conscience, which I claim to enjoy myself under the American Constitution.

"I have never asked or wished that any denomination should be deprived of the Bible, or such version of the Bible, as that denomination conscientiously approved—in our Common or Public Schools.

"*I have never entered into intrigue or collusion with any political party or individual; and no political party or individual ever approached me with so insulting a proposition.*

"In all my public life in New York I have done no action, uttered no sentiment, unworthy of a Christian Bishop and an American citizen.

"I have always contended for the Right of Conscience, for all men, as universally as they are recognised in the American Constitution.

"I have always preached that every denomination, Jews, Christians, Catholics, Protestants, of every sect and shade, were all entitled to the entire enjoyment of the Freedom of Conscience, without let or hindrance from any other denomination or set of denominations—no matter how small their number or how unpopular the doctrines they professed.

"I have always preached, both publicly and privately, the Christian obligation of *peace and good will towards all men*, even when they hate and persecute us.

"I have been accustomed to pray publicly in our churches, for the constituted authorities of the United States, for the welfare of my fellow citizens of all denominations, and without distinction.

"I have never given but one vote since I became a citizen, and that on an occasion wholly unimportant.

"I have never, in the whole course of my life, influenced my people, either individually or collectively, in their vote.

"You, who must know something of human nature, need not be informed, that in all social outbreaks, particularly of a riotous character, the moral incendiary first fires the passions, and then the victims of those inflamed passions are prepared to apply the torch, or wield the murderous instrument against the objects of their fury.

"Alas! alas! that men can not be content to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, without preventing their fellow mortals from enjoying the same privilege. On the school question, nothing more than the recognized legal Rights of Conscience has been claimed for the Catholic children. These rights the Catholics, even under the most intolerant Governments, have never given up, and never will relinquish. They have been deprived of them by intolerant laws. If the American people are willing to enact such laws, we shall submit to pains and penalties. We interfere with no other denomination of citizens—we wish them to enjoy the same privileges that we claim for ourselves. Is not this the principle of the American Government? Is it not the pride, and the boast, and the glory of the American people? And if it be all this, why is it that Americans are opposed to it?

"I am not a man of strife and contention. My disposition is, I trust, both pacific and benevolent. As a proof of this, I may mention that I have never had a personal altercation with a human being in my life—that I have never had occasion to call oth-

ers, or be called myself, before any civil tribunal of the earth. It is true, that public duty has not unfrequently forced upon me the necessity of taking my stand in moral opposition to principles which I deemed injurious and unjust. But even then, I trust, I have made the distinction, which Christian feeling suggests, between the cause and the person of the advocate arrayed against me. And though I have sometimes, perhaps, been severe on my opponents, I trust that it proceeded not from any malice in the heart; it came on me rather as a species of intellectual indignation at witnessing bad logic employed to defend worse bigotry."

Each interview which I had with this singular and exalted personage was in itself an event, marked with new features; and I never ceased to feel his superiority. He was ever one above me, and I constantly recognized the influence which he is acknowledged to exercise over the minds of others. I have never known any man who possessed this inexplicable and mysterious element of power in so eminent a degree, and who used it so habitually and so unconsciously. None ever regarded him with indifference. By some he is hated, by some feared, and by many loved: but his name is never pronounced unattended by some striking and expressive epithet. I approach him with reverence and with diffidence, for, separated from him by my Country, my religion, and my sex, the usual intimacies of society never seemed in accordance with his station. Serene, apart, and passionless; and high, and pure, and holy, I can not mingle him with things material. Familiarity intrudes not into his presence, and worldly objects become divested of their importance, and sink into insignificance. Deeply conscious of the divinity of his mission, he clothes religion with majesty and beauty. Never have I discerned even a momentary weakness in his nature; never heard an unguarded word escape his lips; never for an instant beheld his reason unseated from her throne. An habitual elevation of mind and sentiment prevails in his discourse and correspondence, and in all that concerns himself may be remarked the most refined and sensitive delicacy; he shrinks with innate disgust from even the involuntary thought of a dereliction from the most scrupulous morality. The untrodden snow, fresh from the clouds of heaven, is not more pure than is his conscience, nor more spotless than the record of his life; and if human feeling, with unbidden presence, does sometimes penetrate the recesses of his bosom, it there is separated from earthly and corrupting influences, and becomes a heavenly sentiment.

In May, 1846, the triennial Convention of the Catholic Church was held in Baltimore. The Bishop of New York at this time received an official communication from Washington to the effect that the Government required his presence on "affairs of State." As soon as he could be released from the arduous duties of the Convention, he obeyed the summons. On his arrival in the me-

tropolis, he was immediately introduced by the Secretary of State to the President, who received him with the highest distinction, and at once carried him to the Cabinet Council then assembled. The Mission to Mexico was offered to his acceptance. It is said that the wisdom and penetration of Buchanan suggested this statesmanlike step, and that he discerned all the advantages that would accrue by appointing a Catholic Prelate of such distinction and influence as Ambassador to Mexico. The Mexicans added to their other apprehensions of the consequences of a war with the Americans, that of a desecration of their temples for the purpose of carrying away the precious vessels and ornaments belonging to the Altars. The presence of a high Dignitary of their National Church would have allayed this dread, sufficient of itself to rouse the indignation of a Catholic people. The Bishop unites with his Christian calling all the distinguished properties necessary to meet an important crisis; he can be as great a Statesman as he is a Priest. And there is no doubt that, had this Mission been carried into effect, it would, under his auspices, have resulted in the pacific adjustment of all subjects of irritation between the belligerent nations.

*The Bishop of New York is thus the first Catholic Dignitary who has ever been called to the Councils of the United States.** This incident derives peculiar interest from the historical reminiscences which it awakens of ecclesiastical Ambassadors employed between the different Courts of Europe; and at this moment, when men and nations seek to tarnish and villify the name of Priest, the bold and unusual step taken by Mr. Buchanan exhibits his moral courage and his manly confidence in the most honorable light. *The Mission would have been as successful as it was august.*

I saw the distinguished Prelate the morning after his return from Washington. He was gratified by the confidence reposed in his talents and patriotism, and touched by the conduct of Buchanan; but no desire existed in his mind to go to Mexico: to have left his Diocese would have been painful and inconvenient; and he sought no personal consideration from the Mission. "As a citizen of the United States I am bound to serve my country with all the energies that I possess, and as a Christian Bishop I am bound to be the Messenger of Peace; but I have no favors to ask from any, and I have important objects to fulfill at home."

On the question of Slavery, the Bishop takes *neutral, or rather Scriptural,* ground; he looks upon it a subject entirely removed from the jurisdiction and interference of the clergy of all denominations.

The Bishop is by birth an alien in the land he lives in. To the

---

* The excellent and amiable Dr. Carroll, the first Archbishop of Baltimore, accompanied Dr. Benjamin Franklin, Mr. Chase, and Mr. Carroll of Carrollton, on a Mission to Canada; but not in an official capacity.

persecutions of England against Ireland, is America indebted for this loyal and illustrious citizen, whose life and calling exert so extraordinary and advantageous an influence on her moral, social, and religious character ; nor for him alone, but for many other of the pillars of this Religion. That melancholy, which is the inheritance of the stranger, may be traced in the character of Dr. Hughes ; and it subdues many traits which otherwise would be prominent in his varied mind ; the love of music, of refined society, strong powers of imagination, a shade of irony, and a graceful vein of humor. All these are only called into play by accidental circumstances or allusions, and on rare occasions. But perhaps that very melancholy which veils their lustre is the most endearing trait which dwells in the wounded, and weary, and often broken heart of the exile. The poet has divined and alloted his sole consolation—

> * * * "This must my comfort be,
> That sun that warms you there shall shine on me ;
> And those his golden beams to you there lent,
> Shall point on me, and gild my banishment."

We shall now proceed to give, so far as the material at our disposal will allow, a sketch of his life, leaving to his future biographer the task of describing more minutely the career and character of one of the most distinguished Prelates that has ever adorned the annals of the Church in this or any other country.

The late Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Archbishop of New York, was born in the county Tyrone, Ireland, in the year of the Great Rebellion, 1798. His father, to use his own language, was "a farmer of moderate, but comfortable means," who, on his arrival in this country, proceeded to Pennsylvania, in which State he took up his permanent abode, having purchased some land in the vicinity of Chambersburg. It was the purpose of the father to bring him up to the pursuit of agriculture, but the son had other views in his mind, and subsequently made a choice more in consonance with his feelings and abilities. Devoting all his leisure time to the preparation of his mind for the new vocation he had chosen, he entered the Theological Seminary of Mount St. Mary's, Emmettsburg, the expenses of his ecclesiastical education being paid for from the earnings with which his own labors as a teacher were

requited. With the justifiable pride of a man who has worked his own way up to a high and honored position, he says, in a letter to Mayor Harper, "I never received of the charity of any man; I never borrowed of any man without repaying; I never had more than a few dollars at a time; I never had a patron in the Church or out of it." After spending seven years in Mount St. Mary's, Emmettsburg, in the character of preceptor and pupil, he was ordained in the year 1825, and soon after appointed Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia. Here he acquired a high reputation for learning and eloquence. In the year 1829, the year that witnessed the triumph of O'Connell's labors for the religious enfranchisement of his country, the Catholics of the Quaker City celebrated the event in a becoming manner. The day selected for the occasion was the 31st of May, 1829, and the Rev. John Hughes, Pastor of St. Joseph's, was requested to preach the sermon. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and many priests were present in the sanctuary. It was indeed a solemn occasion, and one that aroused all the enthusiasm and deep fervor of the pulpit orator whose fame and name were one day to become the property of the Universal Church. He took his text from the 84th Psalm:

> Lord, thou hast blessed Thy land; Thou hast turned away the captivity of Jacob . . Mercy and truth have met each other: Justice and peace have kissed: Truth is sprung out of the Earth: and Justice hath looked down from Heaven."

Those who heard the sermon say it produced a deep impression on the minds of all present, and confirmed the reputation of the preacher throughout the country. It was subsequently published in pamphlet form, and inscribed by Father Hughes to Ireland's Emancipator, between whom and its reverend author there always existed the warmest friendship. The language of the inscription, which we give, shows the high admiration entertained by the late Archbishop for his illustrious countryman:

"To the man who is at once the Scholar, the Patriot, the consistent Christian, and the practical Catholic—To Daniel O'Connell, Esq., this discourse is respectfully inscribed as an humble tribute of the author's esteem for so rare a combination in a public character."

In 1830 he received a challenge from a Presbyterian clergyman, Rev. John Breckenridge, to discuss the question: "Is the Protestant Religion the Religion of Christ?" He accepted it at once, and engaged in the controversy with the greatest zeal, We can fancy the young ecclesiastical giant entering the arena on such a subject, and the enthusiasm with which he undertook his first battle for the Cross. He has since been drawn into various debates of the same sort, and it may be said that his mind was peculiarly fitted for the field of controversy. He has always been at home in it, and no adversary that he has ever come across has had reason to rejoice in the encounter. For several months the debate was carried on between him and Mr. Breckenridge in the Philadelphia journals, exciting the greatest interest in the community. Nor did the public interest cease when the letters of the disputants were discontinued. So deep a hold had the discussion taken on the public mind that pamphlets containing the whole controversy were afterwards issued, and had an immense circulation. This affair redounded greatly to the fame of the future Archbishop, besides leaving him the victor over his opponent. In 1834, however, we have the same clergyman challenging him again to an oral dispute upon another question, viz.: "Is the Roman Catholic Religion, in any or in all its principles and doctrines, inimical to civil or religious liberty." It will be seen that his opponent had taken care not to put the question in such a form as to render it easy for him to make desultory charges, while apparently there was only one great point at issue. But the Catholic champion was not intimidated by the intriguing character of the question. He accepted it at once, and fought it with

his previous ability and success. Whenever his creed was in question, no matter how difficult or how threatening the position might be, he was ever ready in its defence, as on this occasion, and his cause never had reason to regret that it was in the hands of such an exponent. His last debate with Mr. Breckenridge was published in book form soon after it occurred, and the sensation it produced continued to live for a long time in the minds not only of the citizens of Philadelphia, but of the whole country.

All this time, however, he had not been idle in other matters belonging to his calling. He erected a new church, called St. John's, of which he was Pastor, as long as he afterwards remained in Philadelphia. This was in 1832, and it was during his pastorate here that the religious controversy we have mentioned took place. His name had now become very celebrated for a simple Parish Priest, and though it is possible no prophecies were made of his future greatness, it must have been apparent to those who witnessed his energy and eloquence in the cause of the Church that his talents would not be bound in always by the narrow circuit of a parish.

At this time Bishop Dubois, of New York, was in a very feeble state of health, and through age and infirmity his mind was inadequate to the cares of his fast increasing diocese. In 1837 he wrote to Rome for assistance to enable him to get through the labors of the episcopate, and the Pastor of St. John's, Philadelphia, was appointed by the Holy Father as coadjutor. He was consecrated Bishop of Basilopolis, in New York, January 9, 1838, by Bishop Dubois, assisted by Bishop Kenrick, of Philadelphia, and Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, aud in the following year was appointed administrator of the diocese. Two weeks after the consecration of his coadjutor, the aged Bishop was attacked by paralysis, and was thus rendered wholly incapable of participating or aiding in the labors of the

Episcopal office. The whole burden of it was thrown at once upon the shoulders of the new dignitary, who did not sink under it, however, in spite of the difficulties it brought him in contact with, and the new responsibilities it imposed. He saw at a glance his way through them all, and that it was as much opposition within the Church from Trustees, as prejudice without that he would have to combat. His vast mind grasped the difficulty at once, and perhaps, peering into the future of the Episcopal city, he formed his plan with an eye to its growing greatness, and carried them out consistently to the end. It has been one pleasure of his life, that he witnessed each of them crowned with success, and heard those who had been foremost to cry out against them acknowledge their justice and rejoice at their happy termination.

The finances of the diocese were not in the most encouraging condition, however, to enable him as yet to undertake any important measures of change. For the purpose of remedying this, as well as to obtain more experience for his new duties, he took passage for Europe in 1839, and visited, France, Austria, and Italy during his tour. While in Austria he became acquainted with the illustrious Marshal Nugent, whose death we lately announced. Between him and the prince there sprung up a warm friendship, not more on account of their being born in the same country as the similarity of many other features in their lives. There was something, too, of that magnetic attraction that often draws great minds together. Our readers will remember the letter from Count McDonnell to his Grace the Archbishop, announcing the demise of the great Marshal, and asking prayers for his soul, which we published about a year ago in the Record. This is but a single instance of the facility which the Archbishop had for making friendships among the great; however, it would prove ignorance of the man to imagine from this that he ever courted their counte-

nance. On the contrary, his constant labor and greatest efforts have been in behalf of the very opposite class of society. The poor had always the benefit of his best counsels. It was for their welfare that most of his great intellectual battles were undertaken; it was for them he brought down on himself the bigotry and muttered threats of a fanatical party. On the 20th of December, 1842, Bishop Dubois died, and his coadjutor entered on the full dignity of Bishop of the Diocese of New York. He now began putting those measures in operation which he had been long planning. His first reform was in the tenure of church property, which, on account of having been hitherto entrusted to lay trustees, had been subjected to many abuses. It had been the cause of frequent conflicts between congregations and the Episcopal authority, which, of course, created considerable scandal. This was a thing that the sensitive mind of the Bishop could not brook, for if there was one thing to which his nature was more alive than another, it was the dignity of the Church. He therefore went into a searching examination of the whole affair. There were but eight churches in the whole city. He found them all heavily encumbered with debt, and five of them actually in a state of bankruptcy. There was nothing else for it but a vigorous remedy. He abolished the whole lay system and consolidated all the church debts, and, securing the titles in his own name, undertook the giant task of redeeming them from the financial slough into which they had fallen.

As may be supposed, he did not effect this without opposition. He was violently opposed in all his measures, but, to use a familiar illustration, he had taken "fail" out of his lexicon when he commenced his labor, and nothing human could daunt him in an undertaking. Subsequent events have shown the foresight of his mind, and the insidious nature of the opposition he met with. One of the great things that

called forth his solicitude was the subject of education. Before his visit to Europe he had purchased a piece of land at Fordham, in Westchester county, where he designed to establish a college. On his return he completed the design, and in 1841 the place was opened, under the title of St. John's College. Thousands who yearly visit its splendid grounds, little think to whom they owe the various beauties they are admiring.

But it was on the Public School question that the Bishop displayed the whole strength of his intellect, and brought to bear his great skill and learning as a controversialist, for the discussion partook, to some extent, of a controversial character. It has ever been the insidious policy of the enemies of the Church to pervert the mind of Catholic youth through the instrumentality of a so-called liberal education, and through the medium of falsified histories and ingeniously prepared schoolbooks to lead them into error. Differing from the rest of the State, the City of New York, or rather the Common Council, to which a discretionary power had been granted by the Legislature, for more than fifteen years confided to "the Public School Society of New York" almost the entire charge and business of Common School education, together with the management, disposition, and control of the public fund raised by taxation and otherwise for that purpose. This created great dissatisfaction, especially among Catholics, whose religious feelings were not only not regarded, but violated, in so serious a manner by the teachings and the irreligious or adverse influences brought to bear upon the minds of the pupils. They finally withdrew their children, and established such free schools as their limited means would allow. They also repeatedly petitioned the Common Council for a portion of the school fund for the support of their schools under such regulations as that body might prescribe. The petition was, however, invariably denied. This, however, did not check the resolution of the

Catholics, who, under the direction of their beloved Prelate, held several public meetings, at which a determined spirit was manifested to break down the monopoly which secured the management of this most important interest of education in the hands of an irresponsible few. A petition for relief was once more presented to the Common Council by the Catholics, and they prayed to be heard in its support before the Board by counsel or otherwise. The Public School Society remonstrated, and prayed to be heard in opposition. Both sides were heard, and two days, the 29th aud 30th of October, were consumed in the debates. The Bishop maintained the discussion on the part of the petitioners, and Messrs. Hiram Ketchum and Theodore Sedgwick spoke on the other side as counsel for the Public School Society, assisted by Rev. Doctors Bond, Bangs, and Reese, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Rev. Dr. Knox, of the Reformed Dutch Church; and Rev. Dr. Spring, of the Presbyterian Church. The result, notwithstanding the clear and powerful arguments of the Bishop, was, as on former occasions, adverse to the petitioners. Determined not to abandon what they considered to be a just and republican principle, the friends of freedom of education presented a petition to the State Legislature, praying for redress. The matter was referred to the Hon. John C. Spencer, Secretary of State and Superintendent of Common Schools, who made a report unfavorable to the Public School system. The Public School Society, alarmed for the existence of their exclusive prerogatives, sent a remonstrance to the legislature against granting the petition of those who felt aggrieved by their system, and they also procured leave to be, and were, heard on the subject before a Committee of the the Senate, by their counsel, Mr. Hiram Ketchum. The petitioners were also heard at the same committee by their counsel, Messrs. James W. McKeon and Wright Hawkes. The Committee subsequently report-

ed a bill to the Senate in conformity with the recommendation of the Secretary of State, which bill, after an animated debate, was postponed by a vote of the Senate. Mr. Ketchum's speech before the Committee was elaborately reported, and published in the daily papers in the city of New York, and the able speeches of Messrs. McKeon and Hawkes not having been reported, the Bishop undertook, and delivered before a crowded and overflowing audience on the evenings of the 16th, 17th, and 21st of June, 1841, a conclusive refutation of Mr. Ketchum's argument.

The great length of the argument prevents us from publishing it in full, but the following extracts from it will serve to convey a pretty accurate idea of its force and eloquence :

I now go on to show what the Public School Society boast of having done in our regard. They had offered, in reply to our objections to passages in their books—as, for instance, where it was stated that "John Huss was a zealous Reformer, but trusting to the *deceitful Catholics*, he was taken by them and burned at the stake," to expunge such objectionable passages when they were pointed out. They said, "Bishop, we submit our books to you, and if you will have the goodness to point out any objectionable passages, we will expunge them." Well, certainly, there was something very plausible, and apparently very liberal, in this offer. But, when the matter was pressed, it was found that all this was merely the expression of individuals—there was no *guarantee* that the books would be amended. Weeks, months might be spent in examining the books, and then the approbation of the Board was necessary in order to effect the alteration. Did they say that it should be given? Never.

I pass now to another point; for observe, I do not at all think myself called on to say one word in vindication of the able, and eloquent, and satisfactory report of the Secretary of State (cheers). That is not necessary. The language of that document will be its own vindication when the petty sophistries raised against it shall have been long forgotten; for be assured, gentlemen, that whatever may be the temporary opposition to any public measure, from the moment that there is discovered to be inherent in it—of its essence—a principle of justice and equality, its ultimate triumph is certain, and all the opposition which it encounters will have no more effect on it than that of the breeze which passes over the ocean, ruffling its surface, but destroying nothing of the

mighty and majestic element which it seems to fret and disturb. (Cheers.)

I take up this, then, not to vindicate the report, but rather in reference to the insulting attempt, as I will call it, to deprive Catholics of the free exercise of their own consciences, and the respect and esteem of their fellow citizens. In reasoning on the subject, observe the course that is taken by Mr. Cornell. He enters into a comparison between the schools of the Public School Society and ours—ours, supported in poverty, the humblest that may be, but still supported in a way sufficient to show our determination not to give up our rights, or relinquish the maintenance and defence of a sound and patriotic principle. But this gentleman compares these, our schools, with theirs—on which *more than a million of the public money has been expended*, whilst we have been virtually shut out from all benefit from the public funds, not by any law of the State, but by a vicious interpretation of the law. He requires us to furnish as perfect a system as they do with the expenditure of a million of dollars! He is reasoning with the Secretary, telling him, in effect, that we are troublesome and designing people, and he says:

"But having in view the stringency with which the same party insisted on the necessity of religious in juxtaposition with secular education, and the warmth with which they denounced the Public School system when they saw fit to charge it with excluding religion, and particularly when reference is had *to their avowed dogma, that there is no hope of salvation to those not of the Roman Catholic Church—which dogma is now taught in their schools.*"

I thank God that the Catholics—the long-oppressed of three hundred years, during which the ear of the world was poisoned with calumnies against them—have now liberty of speech, and ability to exercise it, and I call Mr. Cornell to account for what he has here written, and to which he has affixed his name. He says:

"When reference is had to their avowed dogma, that there is no hope of salvation to those not of the Roman Catholic Church—which dogma is now taught in their schools."

The Catholics "avow" every dogma of their religion—but the two statements employed by Mr. Cornell are both *false*. It never was and never can be a dogma of ours, that there is "no hope of salvation to those not of the Roman Catholic Church." Neither is that dogma taught in our schools. This false statement must be accounted for by Mr. Cornell's ignorance of our doctrine on the one hand, and on the other, his disposition to injure us. I call upon him—I arraign him before the people of New York, and the Senate whose confidence he has attempted to abuse, to prove his statement, or else to retract it.

And here it may be proper for me to *explain* something of this matter, for I know that in the minds of Protestants, almost universally there is that idea, and that in the theological language of the Catholic Church there is apparent ground for entertaining it. But at the same time I do know, that that language, properly understood and fairly interpreted, does not imply the dogma imputed to us by Mr. Cornell.

It is very true that we believe, that out of the true Church of Christ there is no salvation—first proposition.

It is true that we believe the Catholic Church to be the true Church of Christ—second proposition.

It is very true that notwithstanding these propositions, there is no dogma of our creed which teaches that Protestants may not hope to be saved, or may not go to Heaven. Now how is this explained? In this way—when we speak of the Church, we mean the Church as Christ and his Apostles did—in the sense that the ordinary means for the salvation of mankind are the doctrines and institutions which Jesus left on earth, which have all descended in the Church with our history and our name. This we believe, but we do not believe that God has deprived himself, because he instituted these things, of the means of saving whom he will. We do not believe that on this account the power of the Almighty is abridged. Hence it is consistent with our dogmas to believe that God who is a *just* Judge, as well as a merciful Father, will not condemn any one for *involuntary* error. Their judgment will be individual; they were externally out of the Church, but was it by their own will, or the accident of their birth and education in a false religion? Did they believe that religion to be true in good faith, and in the simplicity of their hearts? Were they ready to receive the light and grace of truth as God might offer it to them? Then, in that case, though not belonging to the Catholic Church by *external profession*, they belonged to it by *their internal disposition.*

Consequently we are not authorized to deny hope of salvation to those not of the Catholic Church, unless so far as the errors in which they have been involved have been voluntary and culpable on their part. And this is no new doctrine, as our opponents would have seen had they consulted the writings of the highest authorities in our Church. St. Thomas Aquinas—one of the greatest minds that ever contributed to enlighten the human race, as Protestants themselves acknowlege—writing in the eleventh or twelfth century—speaks of a man who is not even a Protestant, but a pagan—a man who has never heard of Christ or of Christianity, and he supposing that man to be moral, sincere, acting according to the best light God has given him, tells us God would sooner send an angel to guide him to the way of salvation, than that *such* a one should perish. Such is the sentiment of St. Thomas Aquinas expressed in his works, and his works are approved by

our Church. How then, can Mr. Cornell, or any other individual say that we enter into judgment respecting those who die out of the pale of our Church? I publicly call upon Mr. Cornell to retract or qualify his official statement.

Sentiments according with these I have quoted from St. Thomas Aquinas, I have myself preached in the Cathedral of New York, and similar ones have been abundantly preclaimed by others, and among them I would mention a very distinguished French Bishop—then the—Abbé Fressinous. In the third volume of his Conferences, he has one special sermon on the subject of exclusive salvation, and he shows that of all Christian denominations there is no one more abounding in charity on this point than the Catholic Church. The same explanations are to be found in the writings of Bossuet, St. Francis of Sales, and St. Augustine. With these facts well know, how did those gentlemen venture to take advantage of their, and our relative situations, and calumniate us when we had no opportunity of repelling the unfair attack?

Besides, Mr. Cornell says: "Which is now taught in their schools." I deny the truth of that statement and demand his authority.

But now, would it, think you, be improper on my part, considering that Mr. Cornell is not present, to imitate some of the liberties which he has taken with us in our absence?

Throughout this document he has labored to prove that we are Catholics, and not only that, but to show what our religion is, though I am at a loss to imagine where he studied Catholic theology, in which, if he should persevere, I would suggest to him to consult better authorities than the *Journal of Commerce* and "Tristram Shandy." (Laughter and cheers.)

Now, it never occurred to us to ask of what religion is Mr. Cornell and the Public School Society. The whole ground assumed by them is that they are *not* a "religious society"—well, what are they? Are they an irreligious society? Not at all. They are members of churches; and I have taken the pains to ascertain that Mr. Cornell is a member of Dr. Spring's church, and if he lectures the Catholics, would it be very wrong in me to speak of the doctrines of *his* creed? Let us look at the Westminster Confession of Faith, the rule of Presbyterian dogma, and see whether Mr. Cornell opens the gates of Heaven to all religious denominations. I quote from the Westminster Confession as adopted and amended in the United States, and published by Towar and Hogan, Philadelphia, in 1827. In page 111 it is said:

"The visible church consists of all those throughout the world who PROFESS the true religion."

So to be a member of the visible church, you must "profess" the

true faith, "together with their children"—happy children! (A laugh.) "And this the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, the house and family of God, OUT OF WHICH THERE IS NO ORDINARY POSSIBITY OF SALVATION."

Here is another statement of Mr. Cornell:

"They are not merely the incidental remarks of the historian, or extracts from the Holy Scriptures 'without note or comment,' to which such strong exception has been taken in relation to the public schools, but they are such as ever have, and, in the opinion of your remonstrants, must ever tend, if sustained *by tax imposed upon the anathematized* portion of the community to destroy public harmony, and such as would prove anything rather than a 'social benefit.'"

Now, by using the word "anathematized" he conveys the impression that all out of the pale of our Church are under our anathema. I demand the proof. I have studied our holy religion many a day, but never yet have I discovered any such anathema, and I defy Mr. Cornell to point it out.

Mr. Cornell goes on to say:

"Your remonstrants had supposed that the fact of the Public School Society being composed of men professing every variety of religious faith would *neutralize sectarian tendencies and secure* it against abuse."

Now, there is something exceedingly specious in this, but it is indeed a very spurious position. They refuse our application on the ground that we are a religious society, and when we then charge them with not being a religious society, they repudiate it as a stigma on their character. And what is their remedy? That they "will neutralize sectarian tendencies by the variety of the religions that they introduce." How is this? They are all members of Churches—and that does them honor—but whenever they come within the magical circle of their official character, then, like negative and positive brought together in just proportions, they neutralize each other! Is this really the position that these gentlemen assume? How are the trustees chosen? In the most beautiful manner? One or two Catholics are taken—a Universalist—perchance, and so of other denominations, and then they say "we are of all religions!" You will find that the mass of the society belong to one sect, of which little or nothing is said, and that an odd one is taken from each of the other sects to sanctify their acts! There is a sufficient majority of one denomination. There is a tendency and aim which I am not unwilling to proclaim—a secret understanding—not so very secret either—to the effect that "as there is a large foreign population in New York, and mostly Catholic, our liberties would not be

safe unless the interests of Catholics were not *neutralized* in their education." We reject that idea with scorn, that Catholics have to learn the principles of liberty from them. At a period when Protestantism was as little dreamed of as steam navigation, Catholics were the schoolmasters to the nations of the world in the principles of liberty. They were Catholics who wrung the great charter of English liberty from the hands of the tyrant. And was that their first effort in the cause of freedom? No. That was only the written recognition of their rights, which the encroachments of his predecessors had diminished, and having thus secured their rights, they maintained them down to the period of the Reformation, when their high and honorable notions of liberty were trampled in the dust, and were never restored till the Revolution; and when that so boasted event in the history of England took place, it only recognized the rights lost at the period of the Reformation, which Catholics for centuries before had known and enjoyed. Let them not say then that our religion is inimical to liberty. That is a reproach which we spurn—which we abominate and abhor! We have nothing to learn from them of human liberty. Their part is to imitate us, not ours to imitate them! (Loud applause.)

If that is the principle referred to, we understood it perfectly well, that it is of no use for these gentlemen to moot it for the purpose of showing that our claim should be denied. Was that indeed, their object? Not at all. But their object was, with hands that should have been better employed, to rake up that wretched remnant of prejudice against us, and pander to the vitiated taste that could relish it.

We see, then, that so far as this "Remonstrance" is concerned, there is not one solitary proposition which should for one moment have arrested the mind of the Legislature. The bill proposed by the Hon. Secretary of State contemplated no special favor. Much as I honor that distinguished individual, I would not esteem him as I do if he had in his bill proposed anything which should have raised us above our fellow-citizens of other denominations. But the bill only places us on an equality with others—with that we are satisfied—with nothing less will we ever be satisfied. (Loud cheers.)

But hitherto these gentlemen have assumed various shapes. They have viewed with self-complacency the beauty of their system, and as for their few schools—few in comparison with the number of destitute and unprovided children—I have nothing to say against them. I proposed to place our schools under their direction, so far as regarded their police and management. But I would not permit them to teach our children that Catholics were deceitful—that Galileo was put into the Inquisition and punished for the heresy that the earth revolved on its own axes around the sun. That and similar statements of partizan writers,

long and generally believed, begin to be better understood. Behind the anti-Catholic credulity in which they have hitherto been entrenched, there is now going on a deeper and sounder spirit of criticism, conducted by eminent Protestant as well as Catholic writers. At the very time of his trial, his doctrine was held and avowed by eminent Cardinals, and the Pope himself declared that as a philosophical proposition it was no heresy. His case is entirely misunderstood.

Galileo's crime was not teaching sound philosophy, but bad theology—wishing the Church to declare that his theory was in accordance with the Scriptures. For reasons like this I would not allow them to mislead our children ; but was willing to allow the gentlemen the external management of our schools. They, however, would have universal rule, or none at all.

What has been their panacea for all complaints? To invite the City Council to visit the Schools ! And certainly, I presume, it would be impossible to visit their Schools without being satisfied with their *appearance.* But had I been able to have made my voice heard in the Senate of the State, when they made the proposition to visit their schools, I should have proposed something like an amendment. I would have prayed these Senators, in the name of humanity and their country, of all the benevolence that beats in the human breast, to visit—not the schools—but the lanes and alleys, and obscure resorts of the poor neglected children of New York, and there see, not how much is done, but how much is left undone. These are the portions of the city that should be visited. It is utterly impossible, owing to their scattered condition, to learn the numbers of children in this city who are deprived by these gentlemen of the blessings of education. We who mingle with the people, and have the opportunity of learning their dislike of this system—that they would no more trust their children to it, than to that tyrannical system of British mis-government which their fathers knew so well, and from which they derived the sad legacy of ignorance and poverty. I refer to the laws which made education a crime in Ireland, and which have left the inhabitants of that country the degraded, but unbroken people that they are this day, after a persecution of near three hundred years. (Cheers.)

It is for these poor, neglected, uneducated children, that I plead. Their parents will not send them to the Public School whilst constituted as at present, and I approve of their resolution. I trust that they never will send their children to schools managed by men who can send to the Senate of this State a burlesque upon our creed, and represent it as a genuine exhibition of our faith and principles. Rather will we trust to the kind and merciful Providence of God, than voluntarily relinquish a principle by which we maintain the right implanted in the breast of every parent and secured by the laws, to have a voice in the education

of his child. It is these children that should be visited. Then would these honorable senators whom I know to be above all these petty prejudices which have been appealed to, do justice, and apply a remedy so far as the law would authorize them.

I must now soon conclude my remarks for this evening. I will merely refer to the objection of the Society to the Bill of Mr. Spencer—its tendency to introduce party politics. Every thing is held in this country to be in the hands of the people, yet these gentlemen, after enjoying a monopoly for sixteen years, think it a great misfortune if the tax payers should be allowed a voice at all in the selection of the teachers in the schools which they support, or any share whatever in their management.

The next objection to the Bill, is its want of uniformity. Because they happen to have school-houses exactly one like the other, and have a uniform style of books, the large and liberal, and statesmanlike plan of the honorable Secretary, should be given up because, forsooth, these "humble almoners" pronounce it void of uniformity! "Humble almoners," who after coiling their roots around the Common Council, and making them judges in the cause, go to Albany to defeat our claims. Well they may call themselves "humble almoners" if they please, but they remind me very much of the beggar in Gil Blas, who when he asked alms always took good care to have his musket ready!

This is not the first occasion on which we have been misrepresented, and religious gentlemen whose avowed purpose it is to preach the gospel of peace, have taken up the habit of abusing us, and have rung the changes on this topic, till in some instances some of their audiences, more liberal than they, have left the place disgusted. They remind me of a saying of Mr. Sterne, who when quizzing the credulity of the people of England—for he was a great wag—said, that occasionally he was straitened for the price of a dinner, but he could always manage to make a good meal of *Cheshire cheese;* but it also happened, that oftentimes he was in a similar strait in his official capacity, and was called on to preach when he had not a word of a sermon prepared, and then he took "a fling at Popery." The people went away edified and delighted. For this reason, he says, I call *Popery* my "Cheshire cheese!" (Loud laughter.) It seems to me that the occupants of half the pulpits of New York are nearly in the same predicament, and would die of inanimation, were it not that their stock of "Cheshire cheese" is still unexhausted. (Renewed laughter and applause.)

I think I can safely say, that in none of our churches will you hear such abuse. We never touch upon secular affairs; you will not even hear from our pulpits harangues about abolition. We explain and defend our creed, and, I trust, preach charity and peace, and order. But it is not so with those who assail us as I have described, as I will have occasion to show when treating of

Mr. Ketchum's speech, which I intend to do on to-morrow evening.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Ketchum contends that it is religion of a decided character that we want. And pray what are we to understand by a religion that is *not* decided? A religion which is vague—a general religion! What is the meaning of these terms? I desire to have a definition of them.

If there is to be established by law a Public-School-Society-religion, I should like to have its confession of faith, and be informed of the number of its articles, and the nature of the doctrines contained in them. But it seems to me that Mr. Ketchum and this Public School Society resemble a body of men who are opposed to all physicians because they understand medicine; and who, although themselves opposed to all practice of medicine, are yet disposed to administer to the patients of the regular practitioners. And the comparison holds good—for, after all, children are born with a natural moral disease—want of knowledge, and evil propensities—and education, and religion are the remedial agents to counteract these evil tendencies, and remove the natural infirmity. Then we have the practitioners, as they may be termed, coming to see the patient, the whole community supplying the medicine chest; and we have these men surrounding this chest, and exclaiming to the physicians, "Clear off! you are a Thompsonian, and you are a Broussaist, and you are a Homeopathist, and you are a regular practitioner, and you wish to prescribe remedies of a decided and definite character, which is contrary to 'a great principle,'"—and having thus banished all the physicians, they turn doctors themselves, and mix up their drugs into what they call a "general medicine," of which they administer what they call the legal quantity. (Laughter and cheers.) But the gentlemen forget that neither the patient nor the medicine are theirs. Those who furnish the patient, and supply the medicine chest should have a voice in the selection of the doctors.

What do the gentlemen really intend? They object to religious societies, but after they have got them pushed out of the house, they begin to teach religion themselves! Mr. Ketchum acknowledges that. He and Mr. Sedgwick, his associate, however, do not appear to have studied theology in the same school. One says, that religion is the basis of all morality, the other, that morality is the basis of religion. And after all, do men agree any more in their views of morality than religion? Certainly not. And yet you must give to the children, especially those of that class attending these schools, for it should be borne in mind that they, for the most part, do not enjoy the opportunity of parental or pastoral instruction—some supply of religious education. They are the offspring of parents who, unfortunately, cannot

supply that deficiency; and if they are brought up in this way, with a kind of contempt for religion, or with the most vague idea of it, the most lamentable results must necessarily follow.

* * * * * * *

These gentlemen have spoken much, and laid great emphasis on the importance of morality, but, as I have already remarked, morality is not always judged by the same criterion. Let me illustrate this. According to the morality which *my* religion teaches, if I rob a man, or injure him in his property, and desire to be reconciled to God, I must, *first of all*, if it be in my power, make reparation to the man whom I have injured. Again, if I should unfortunately rob my neighbor of his good name; of his reputation; either by accident or through malice, before I can hope for reconciliation with an offended God, I must repair the injury and restore my neighbor's good name. If I belied him, I must acknowledge the lie as publicly as it was uttered—that is Catholic morality. Well now, these gentlemen have belied us—they have put forward and circulated a document which existed only in the imagination of Sterne—a foul document—*and represented it as a part of our creed.* I do not say that they directly required this to be done; but their agent did it, and he can not deny it. I wonder now, then, if they will have such a sense of morality as will impel them to endeavor to repair the injury thus done to our reputation by any official declaration that that is a spurious document? I wonder if the conscientious morality that presides over the *Journal of Commerce* will prompt its editors to such a course? If it do not, then it is a morality different from ours.

I apprehend that no such reparation will be offered for the injury we have sustained by the everlasting harangue of abuse and vituperation that has been poured out against us for these few years past. Have we not been assailed with a foul and infamous fiction, in the pages of a work called "Maria Monk?" and have its reverend authors ever stood forward to do us justice, and acknowledge the untruth which, knowing it to be so, they published? Have they ever attempted to counteract that obscene poison which they disseminated, corrupting the morals of youth throughout every hamlet in the land! Whilst denouncing in their ecclesiastical assemblies the works of Byron and Bulwer, did they include in their denunciations, the filthy and enormous lie, published under their auspices—the writings of "Maria Monk?"

What idea, then, must we form of their morality and religion? And here it would be unjust to omit mentioning that many Protestants, not under the influence of blinded bigotry, have done us justice on this point. In particular, I refer to the conduct of one distinguished Protestant writer, who can not be accused of great partiality for us, but who exposed and refuted authors and abet-

tors of this filthy libel to which I have referred. I know that it would be incorrect and unjust, to say that thousands of others, sincere Protestants, but high-minded, honorable men, have not taken the same view of the subject. But I speak particularly of the morality of the authors and publishers of these abominable slanders, and I regret that the Public School Society, by their recent proceedings, should have allowed themselves to sink to a kindred degradation!

(The Right Reverend Prelate here resumed his seat amid thunders of applause, which lasted several minutes.)

Bitter personal attacks were made upon the Bishop during and subsequent to this controversy, to which he replied in a style that was at once scathing and unanswerable. A threatening letter was written to him by a young "Native American," signed with the proper name of the writer, advising the Archbishop that he had provided himself with a "poniard," by which he (the Archbishop) was to "bite the dust." This letter his Grace sent to Mayor Harper with a communication, written in his usual forcible style. From this we make the following extracts, in which it will be seen he makes particular reference to himself:

TO THE HON. JAMES HARPER, MAYOR OF NEW YORK.

Sir,—I am in the receipt of a letter from a young "Native American," signed with his proper name, in which he advises me, that he has provided himself with a "poniard," by which I am to "bite the dust." If he had not put his name to this document I should have destroyed it, as my rule is with all anonymous communications, without even glancing at its contents. I cannot answer such a correspondent; but, placing his letter in your hands, if you wish it, I shall pursue the even tenor of my way, to be found wherever my duties as a Catholic Bishop, and a citizen of the United States, require me to be. I hope that I am at peace with God—know that I am at peace, so far as in me lies, with all men; and thus I am ready to yield my life into the hands of its adorable Author when, and as He may dispose.

But if my correspondent should execute his own prophecy, as he says, I deem it proper to have put on record such matters as are due to my reputation, and to my country, at a moment like the present. I shall be somewhat tedious, but I bespeak your patience, for I wish to say all, and it may not be so convenient at another time. I shall use no term of reproach or bitterness, in reference to matters of recent occurrence, on which too many here

have already been uttered. No man deplores more deeply the melancholy results of intemperate discussion, whether on one side or on the other, in a sister capital, than I do; and for months past it has been my study to avert similar scenes in this city. From the moment when a new party was commenced, based on the principle of hostility to a particular religion and to foreigners, even the naturalized, I anticipated the results with the deepest apprehension, for the peace of the community and the honor of the country. Not that I dispute the right of men, in the abstract, to form themselves into combinations on any principle, which their duty to their country sanctions; but topics of this description were, as I conceived, too exciting in their nature. From a very early period I prevented the only papers which affect to represent Catholic interests, from opposing either the principles or the progress of the party. When the private interests, or enterprise of individuals urged them to establish newspapers, intended expressly to oppose the progress of "Native Americanism," and to uphold the constitutional rights of foreigners of all religions, I peremptorily refused to give either patronage or approbation—foreseeing, as I imagined, to what point such antagonism must lead. I even caused certain articles to be published, which should fall under the eyes of a large portion of my own flock, and which might caution them against the temptation of retaliating insult, in arraying themselves in opposition to the principles of this new party. I caused them to be thus reminded that, if those principles were wrong, time and the good sense of the community would be the best remedy; while Catholics, and above all Irish Catholics, were entirely unfitted to apply a corrective. I had the consolation to witness the good effects of this advice, so that boys and young men could march, even in the night, through streets almost entirely occupied by Irish Catholics, with fife and drum before them, and with illumined banners bearing such inscriptions as that of "No Popery," as a public and political device. It is not for me to say whether the Native American party had, or had not, a right to adopt such devices, and display them through such a population. But even supposing they had the right, was there not something due to the weakness of poor human nature—to the religious rights and feelings of men under our Constitution—to the peculiar susceptibility of the Irish, and especially in reference to this identical subject, which reminded them of the hereditary degradation from which they thought to have escaped when they touched these shores?

I am grateful to Almighty God, that notwithstanding these injudicious exhibitions, no accident or disturbance has occurred during the progress of the movements which have placed you in your present honorable station. And I would to God! that under all provocation, a similar forbearance had been practised in Philadelphia. Yet, notwithstanding all my solicitude and efforts, so

feverish and morbid, so bewildered and diseased, had the public mind become, in certain quarters, on the subject of Popery, that a lie of not more than five lines, circulated through any of our papers which might desire to create riots, would have been sufficient to have produced the most fearful results.

My name and character were assailed in every public meeting of your special constituents. I was abused as a politician ;—as a meddler with the laws ;—as an intriguer with parties ; and a man not only capable, but actually designing to invade the liberties of the country. The fearful crisis, which I claim the merit of having prevented, in this city, but which has left its melancholy stigma in another city, equally dear to me, has rendered these calumnies against my character so important, that I now meet my accusers in the triumphant manner which you will see, before the close of this communication. But before I enter further upon my subject, I must tell you a few words respecting myself, which, being of so little importance to the public at large, I shall make as brief as possible. It is twenty-seven years since I came to this country. I became a citizen, therefore, as soon as my majority of age and other circumstances permitted. My early ancestors were from Wales ; and very possibly shared with Strongbow and his companions, in the plunder which rewarded the first successful invaders of lovely, but unfortunate Ireland. Of course, from the time of their conversion from Paganism, they were Catholics. You, Sir, who must be acquainted with the melancholy annals of religious intolerance in Ireland, may remember that, when a traitor to his country, and for what I know, to his creed also, M'Mahon, Prince of Monnaghan, wished to make his peace with the Irish Government of Queen Elizabeth, the traitor's work which he volunteered to accomplish was "*to root out the whole Sept of the Hughes.*" He did not, however, succeed in destroying them, although he "rooted them out;" proving, as a moral for future times, that persecution cannot always accomplish what it proposes. In the year 1817, a descendant of the Sept of the Hughes came to the United States of America. He was the son of a farmer of moderate but comfortable means. He landed on these shores friendless, and with but a few guineas in his purse. He never received of the charity of any man ; he never borrowed of any man without repaying; he never had more than a few dollars at a time ; he never had a patron, in the Church or out of it; and it is he who has the honor to address you now, as Catholic Bishop of New York.

I entered the College* the first day, an utter stranger to Bishop Dubois until then. I was to superintend the garden as a compensation for my expenses in the house, until a vacancy should

---

* The Theological Seminary at Mount St. Mary's, near Emmetsburg, Maryland. This Institution is under the charge of the Sulpicians.

occur by which I might be appointed a teacher for such classes as I should be fit to take charge of. I continued in this way, during the first nine months of my stay at the College, prosecuting my studies under a private preceptor. The rest of my time, between seven and eight years, I continued to prosecute my own studies, and, at the same time, to teach the classes that were assigned to me. At the end of that period I was ordained Priest, and stationed in Philadelphia. Here my public life commenced. After eleven years from this time, I was sent, not by my own choice, to be the Assistant Bishop of New York. I had formed, during these years, friendships ever to be cherished in many of the most respectable families, Protestant as well as Catholic, in Philadelphia. I refer to them, without distinction of creed, for what was my character as a clergyman and a citizen.

If, Sir, you will weigh all these circumstances, you will perceive immediately that, were I a person of the character assigned to me in the late denunciations of those who assail me, it is hardly probable that I should be now occupying, by the judgment of others, the situation in which I am placed. I am a citizen. I understand the rights of a citizen, and the duties also. I understand the rights of a citizen, and the duties also. I understand the genius, and constitution, and history of the country. My feelings, and habits, and thoughts have been so much identified with all that is American, that I had almost forgotten I was a foreigner, until recent circumstances have brought it too painfully to my recollection. This, and other matters yet to be treated of, must be my apology for bringing into public notice anything so unteresting as my personal or private affairs. The retrospect, however, has brought back to my mind the recollections of youth. I perceived, then, that the intolerance of my own country had left me no inheritance, except that of a name which, though humble, was untarnished. In the future, the same intolerance was a barrier to every hope in my native land; and there was but one other country in which I was led to believe the rights and privileges of citizens rendered all men equal. I can even now remember my reflections on first beholding the American flag. It never crossed my mind that a time might come, when that flag, the emblem of the freedom just alluded to, should be divided, by apportioning its *stars* to the citizens of native birth, and its *stripes* only as the portion of the foreigner. I was, of course, but young and inexperienced; and yet, even recent events have not diminished my confidence in that ensign of civil and religious liberty. It is possible that I was mistaken; but still I clung to the delusion, if it be one, and as I trusted to that flag on a *Nation's faith*, I think it more likely that its stripes will disappear altogether; and that before it shall be employed as an instrument of bad faith toward the foreigners of every land, the white portions will *blush* into crimson; and then the glorious stars alone will remain.—*New York*, 17*th May*, 1844.

The first Diocesan Synod was held in 1842, at which the vexed question in regard to Trustees was settled by the adoption of a system embraced in the "Rules for the Administration of Churches without Trustees," which rules were published in 1845. In 1844 Bishop McCloskey was appointed Coadjutor, the diocese having grown to such an extent as to render this necessary. During the year 1845 the Bishop sailed for Europe, with the view of procuring the services of the Jesuits, the Christian Brothers, and the Sisters of Mercy, the convent of which last named community was established in May, 1846. He had hardly touched the shores of America again when he was sent for by President Polk, and solicited to undertake a special mission to Mexico, which was then at war with this country. The office was also pressed upon him by the Cabinet, but in spite of their urgent invitation he declined. In the following year, 1847, he was invited by both Houses of Congress to deliver a lecture before them, and made a most powerful and eloquent address on that occasion in the Hall of Representatives, his subject being "Christianity the only source of moral, social, and political regeneration."

This diocese had now become so large that it became necessary to subdivide. So in this same year, the two new sees of Albany and Buffalo were erected. In 1850, the occasion of New York becoming an archiepiscopal see, his Grace went to Rome to receive the pallium from the hands of the Supreme Pontiff. In 1853 the diocese of New York underwent another division, and the Bishops of Burlington, Newark, and Brooklyn, were consecrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Archbishop delivering an eloquent and appropriate tribute to the characters of the newly consecrated, and the zealous manner in which they had performed the duties of the Priesthood. After the first Suffragan Council was held, and soon after the archbishop again went to Rome, in order to be present at the definition of the

Dogma of the Immaculate Conception. It was on his return from this important visit that he became engaged in a controversy with Erastus Brooks, then a New York Senator, upon the church property question. The occasion of it was a petition which the trustees of St. Louis' Church, Buffalo, had presented to the Legislature to pass a bill, vesting the titles of all Church property in trustees. Mr. Brooks supported this bill, and during the delivery of one of his speeches, remarked that the Archbishop of New York owned property to the amount of $5,000,000, and endeavored to show the danger of concentrating so much power in the hands of one man. The Archbishop took up the point immediately with his usual promptness when such questions came up, and attacked Mr. Brooks and the bill with his usual vigor, and totally unmasked the scheme to which the Know-Nothing party had given such warm support. The bill passed in the Legislature, but our readers will remember that it was repealed last year by the same body, and thus once more the Archbishop was right. This controversy with Brooks, however, lasted for some time, and created the greatest sensation. They have since been published by his Grace, reviewing the whole trustee system, making not only an interesting but a valuable record.

The Archbishop's letters, entitled "Kirwan Unmasked," were among his happiest literary efforts, and were full of pungent satire.

The Archbishop had for several years entertained a project in every way worthy of him. It was the erection of a Cathedral that should far surpass in the beauty of its architectural proportions and gigantic dimensions any structure of the kind ever erected in the New World—a building that might compare favorably with many of the grand old minsters of Europe. At length he was enabled to commence the work, and on the 15th of August, 1858, the corner stone was laid in presence of an immense multitude, numbering, it is estimated,

over one hundred thousand persons, of all ages, sexes, and conditions. On that occasion he delivered one of his ablest addresses, and it was fondly hoped by those who heard him that he would live to celebrate the first mass under its roof. It was, however, ordered otherwise, and the work is left to his successor to finish. But no matter by whom completed, the name of the great prelate who laid the corner stone will remain inseparably connected with its history.

Since that period the Archbishop has delivered several sermons, all of which appeared in the RECORD. Perhaps one of his best efforts was his discourse delivered in St. Patrick's on Good Friday, 1859, the subject of which was "the Silence of Christ before His Judges."

On the 1st of July, 1860, the Archbishop made a most eloquent appeal in the Cathedral to the Catholics of the diocese for their substantial aid for the Holy Father, who at the time was reduced to dependence on the Faithful throughout the world by the injustice and oppression of Victor Emanuel. The appeal was nobly responded to, the amount raised being over fifty thousand dollars. The Pope acknowledged the gift, and sent with his reply a massive silver medal in testimony of his appreciation of the service rendered him by the Catholics of New York.

When the country was threatened with civil war, the Archbishop did all in his power to avert the dire calamity, and when this became impossible, and the contending sections were engaged in armed controversy, he consented to use his influence with foreign courts, and especially with the French court, to secure on their part a strict neutrality. His great desire throughout was the preservation of the Union, and like others he hoped that the war would be of short duration. He sustained the Government, as the power to which, as he himself said, he first owed allegiance under the Constitution, and delivered a sermon in St. Patrick's Cathedral, calling upon the people to maintain it, even

to the extent of a conscription. His idea of this measure was, however, very different from the law enacted by Congress. He desired that the burden should fall upon rich and poor alike; that the wealthier classes should have no advantage, through the medium of $300 clauses, over the laboring man or mechanic. His idea was misunderstood, as the confidence which he reposed in the policy of the Administration was shown to have been abused by its subsequent acts, and particularly by its abolition proclamation. On the subject of slavery his views were well known to be conservative, and no one regarded the employment of the negro as an element in the prosecution of the war with more horror or aversion. Towards the South and its people he entertained none but the most friendly feelings, and none regretted more than he the secession of that section from the Union.

It was on the 6th of November, 1861, the Archbishop left New York for Rome, with the design of participating in the ceremonies attending the Canonization of the Japanese Martyrs. He also visited Paris, and during his stay there preached to large congregations. On his way home he stopped a few weeks in Ireland, and delivered a discourse at the dedication of the great Catholic University. While in the Irish capital he was visited by numerous friends and delegations, and presented with several addresses.

At the time of the Conscription riots the Archbishop used all his influence to still the aroused feelings of the angry multitude, lashed into fury by the imposition of a law which they regarded as unjust and oppressive. They heard the admonitions of their beloved Prelate with respectful attention, and although tens of thousands had assembled at his call, and it was feared that on account of the gathering of so large a number there might be some trouble, yet the vast multitude dispersed in quiet to their several homes. This may be said to have been the last public act of his life.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE ARCHBISHOP.

For some weeks before his death the Archbishop had been failing rapidly, but his people never thought of death in connection with him, and the great body of Catholics were shocked as well as grieved, when on New Year's morning, as we have before stated, the fact of his serious illness was impressively made known to them from the altars of the several churches by the officiating clergymen. The day before, the last solemn rites of the Church had been administered to him, the Archbishop being at that time in full possession of all his faculties and humbly resigned to the will of Heaven. From that time until Sunday the 3d he sank gradually, growing more feeble every hour, but conscious of his condition and recognizing those who called to see him. From eleven o'clock on Saturday night until one o'clock on Sunday afternoon his condition underwent no change, or so slight that it was not perceptible. He was free from suffering, but so feeble that the hands so often raised to bestow benedictions on others could not form the sign of salvation, and the voice that had so often thrilled to the heart of listening multitudes could scarcely speak in whispers. In the forenoon his attendants succeeded in making him swallow a little nourishment in the form of soup; but the hope this gave rise to suddenly faded, and it became evident to the most sanguine that the great Archbishop was nearing his goal. At one o'clock he became unconscious, and so remained until his death, except at intervals when the governing mind re-asserted its supremacy. There were present at the last moment the Rt. Rev. Bishop McCloskey, of Albany; the Rt. Rev. Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn; the Very Rev. Wm. Starrs, V. G.; Rev. Francis McNierny, Secretary of the Archbishop; Rev. Dr. Nelligan, Mother Angela, Su-

perioress of St. Vincent's Hospital, and Mrs. Rodrigues (sister of the Archbishop), and Drs. Wood and Clarke. Father Starrs, standing by the bedside, recited aloud prayers for his happy death in which all present joined; then Bishop McCloskey offered up prayers for the departing spirit, and while the solemn but assuring words of that sublime service echoed through the room, and the responses came in low and quivering accents, as if the heart had done the office of the lips, the soul of the great Archbishop was liberated from "this body of death," and stood face to face with its Creator. Calmly and placidly he sank to rest; there was no struggle, none of those pangs that usually precede dissolution; the lamp of life rather flickered out than was extinguished; peacefully, collectedly, and apparently without pain, the soul vacated the earthly tabernacle in which it had dwelt for sixty-five years, and all that remained of the illustrious Archbishop of New York, the Prelate of pre-eminent talent, unbounded influence and world-wide fame, was the cold and inanimate form. The pure spirit had scarcely taken wings when Mother Angela—true Sister of Charity—remembering the duties of her saintly office even in the first moment of her great bereavement, stooped and closed the eyes of the brother so loved and the Archbishop so revered, and thus, surrounded by human love and supported by heavenly succor, the great Archbishop of New York passed from death to life eternal.

The Funeral Ceremonies.

GRAND HIGH MASS OF REQUIEM.

DISCOURSE OF BISHOP McCLOSKEY.

The funeral ceremonies took place in St. Patrick's Cathedral, on the 7th of January, 1864.

The interior of the Cathedral was singularly solemn and impressive. Wherever the eye turned it rested on emblems of woe; a sense of desolation seemed to pervade the sacred edifice, and the presence of the dead Archbishop, lying cold and motionless in the Cathedral, where he had so often presided in pride of place—surrounded with mournful religious pomp, and hedged in with the majesty of death—awed and touched the multitude more than his living presence could have done. As ever, the grand central figure —the object toward which all hearts tended, and all eyes turned, he lay there, teaching his people the last impressive lesson, and preaching with those pale, voiceless lips, a grander and more solemn sermon than even he ever before uttered. Oh, the might of that silence! heard above the ceaseless influx of the human tide, the solemn roll of the glorious Requiem, the blended and commingling voices of hundreds of priests, the eloquent, noble words of the preacher.

The walls and pillars of the Cathedral were entirely hidden under falls of black broadcloth, and white merino. The lofty pillars which support the arched roof, were enveloped in black, from capital to base, and the half pillars between the windows were sheeted in white merino. Wreaths of the same material confined

the broadcloth that fell in folds around the pillars of the naive, but the covering of the half pillars, left free, swayed with the current of air caused by the moving crowd, or fell in folds that preserved the fluted appearance of the object hidden. Where the vaulted roof sprung from the supporting walls, both materials, gracefully interwoven and artistically arranged, were trained in festoons. Above, the windows were draped in merino, which was caught up in the center, and sweeping round in loose, full folds, was lost in the predominant mass of black. The sombre appearance of the organ loft was relieved by bands of white merino that wound their way in curving folds around and through the denser material, and, surging over the rim, fell half way to the center. In the very middle of the loft was placed a white floral cross, and suspended beneath it was a wreath of flowers.

The mourning decorations of the altar were in unison with the rest of the building. Folds of the finest black cloth concealed the grandeur of the high altar and the simple beauty of the side altars. The white and gold that, in ordinary times, gleamed and glittered there, was gone ; there were no lights nor flowers ; no lace nor embroideries ; no graceful vases nor massive candelabras. But the mourning that concealed the glory of the sanctuary only brought out in fuller relief that death scene on Calvary, the fitting background for the celebration of the dread mysteries of the New Law which forms the altar-piece of the Cathedral, and which is the hope of every death-bed and the consolation of every mourner. The black cloth that covered the altar was bordered with silver fringe, and in the centre was a large studded cross standing out distinctly on the sombre material. The archiepiscopal chair in which the Archbishop so often sat, was of course vacant during the entire ceremonies, and excited as much melancholy interest as the catafalque itself. It was beautifully draped in mourning, and from the canopy

that overhung it the same material, edged with silver lace, and dotted over with "tongues of flame" in silver foil fell in heavy folds. The archiepiscopal arms were fringed with white lace. The pulpit was draped in much the same manner, and studded over also with "tongues of flame."

The spiral staircase was wreathed in black, the overhanging canopy was covered with the same mournful hue, and above all was a white crown richly ornamented with embossed work; at the back of the pulpit was a large studded cross. The altar rails were covered with black cloth, as were also the doors leading to the sacristy. The pinnacles in which the carved woodwork that sweeps in a semicircle from the high altar to the smaller ones connecting all three terminates, were covered with black crape caught in at the top with bows of white ribbon. In the broad middle aisle, not far from the altar rails, stood the catafalque on which rested the mortal remains of the first Archbishop of New York. From the heavy base, on which the coffin was deposited, rose four slender pillars supporting an arched canopy covered with black cloth studded over with "tongues of flame."

The pillars were surmounted with black and white plumes, and from the centre of the canopy uprose a large studded cross. Three large silver candlesticks with lighted candles stood at the head of the catafalque, and the same number at the foot. To the head of the base a floral cross surrounded by a wreath of flowers was attached, and to the foot the Mitre Cross and Keys, or archiepiscopal arms, and on it, as we have said, the coffin containing the remains of the illustrious dead, clothed in full pontificals, was laid. The mitred head was raised a little, and the hands, on which the episcopal ring still glittered, reposed upon the coffin's lid. At the right side of the coffin lay the archiepiscopal cross, and at the left the pastoral staff. The Archbishop wore his purple soutane, chasuble, dalmatic,

tunic, alb, and cincture; he had on his hands purple gloves, and on his feet stockings and purple slippers, on the front of each of which a cross was worked in gold.

And thus during the whole of the ceremonies in which he was so deeply interested, he lay, the striking features so natural and life-like, that it seemed as if he merely waited for a fitting opportunity to arise and take his part. At last all was over, and the pall bearers taking the coffin on their shoulders, slowly proceeded down the aisle, the Archbishop towering above all, and overlooking, as it were, his people to the last. The empty catafalque remained, and on it lay the Cross and Crozier for his successor. These mute mementoes were more expressive than even the vacant throne within the altar rails, and we realized, for the first time, while looking at them, that the Bishop had been taken from his people, the Shepherd from his flock, "that the places that knew him once shall know him again no more for ever."

A few minutes before the funeral services were commenced, the Rev. Clergy entered the Cathedral from the vestry, and took their places within the sanctuary. A large number, unable to procure sitting room within the rails, were provided with seats outside, and in the main aisle. The following are the names of the Rev. Clergy in attendance:

DIOCESE OF NEW YORK.

Very Rev. Mr. Starrs, V.G.; Very Rev. Archdeacon McCarron; Rev. Messrs. W. Quinn; McNeirny, Secretary to the Archbishop; E. Maguire, Woods, McSweeny, P. L. Madden, Curran, McKenna, Brennan, O'Callaghan, Treanor, McKenna, Hasson, Boyce, Briady, Ferral, Daly, T. Farrell, Nobriga, McClosky, Everett, T. J. Mooney, Brady, W. Clowry, McNulty, Kinsella, Breen, Preston, Burtsell, Morrogh, C. A. Farrell, Driscoll, S. J.; Schnieder, S. J.; Hudon, S. J.; Cun-

ningham, S. J.; Doucet, S. J.; Loyzance, S. J.; McAleer, Neligan, Cummings, Larkin, Orsenigo, Lafont, Donnelly, Teixcheira, Dantner, Rudolph, McCarty, P. Eagan, McMahon, McEvoy, Streble, Hecker, Walworth, Huet, Mulledy, Brophy, Biretta, McGlynn, Caro, Sheehan, Lewis, Slevin, Coyle, J. Quinn, E. J. O'Rielly, Conron, McLoughlin, Dowling, R. Brennan, M. Riordan, T. O'Toole, J. Barry, T. H. Farrelly, W. McClellan, T. McLoughlin, E. Lynch, and others.

DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA.

Right Rev. Dr. Wood; Very Rev. Dr. O'Hara, V.G.; Rev. Father McConomy; Rev. Father Crane, O.S.A.; Rev. Mr. Stanton, O.S.A.; Rev. Thomas Kearns, Rev. Hugh McLoughlin, Rev. John McGovern, Rev. P. F. Sheridan, Rev. John McAnany, Philadelphia; Rev. Hugh Monaghan, Susquehanna; Rev. Hugh Lane, Philadelphia; Rev. Edmund Fitzmorris, Du Shore; Rev. Moses Whitty, Scranton; Rev. G. Gloster, New Jersey.

DIOCESE OF BROOKLYN.

Right Rev. Dr. Loughlin; Rev. Messrs. Pise, Keegan, McKenna, Gleeson, Franscioli, Malone, Maguire, J. Brady, Huber, O'Beirne, Eugene Cassidy, O'Neill, McGorrisk, McEnroe, Goetz.

DIOCESE OF ALBANY.

Right Rev. Dr. McCloskey; Very Rev. J. J. Conroy, V.G.; Rev. Messrs. Daly, Foley, Hughes.

DIOCESE OF NEWARK.

Right Rev. Dr. Bayley; Very Rev. P. Moran, V.G.; Rev. Messrs. McQuaid, Brown, Doane, Kelly, O'Rielly, Hogan, Cauvin, Venuta, Senez, Madden, Hickey, T. Quinn, McNulty, O'Donnell, Concilio.

There were many representatives from the Clergy of the diocese of Buffalo, Providence, Burlington, Portland, and other parts, among whom we recognized the venerable friend of the Archbishop, Rev. Father McElroy, S. J.

Conspicuous among the Clergy was observed the commanding figure of the great controversialist and pulpit orator, Rev. Dr. Cahill, who, although suffering from ill-health, came to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of the great prelate and illustrious Irishman.

Among the distinguished citizens present were Hon. G. C. Gunther, Mayor of New York, Hon. M. T. Brennan, Comptroller, Hon. C. Connell, Street Commissioner, Hon. John E. Devlin, Counsel to the Corporation, Thurlow Weed, Esq., Major-General McClellan, Major-Gen. Sickles, General Meagher. There were also in attendance, General Hayes, Provost-Marshal, Judge Daly, Richard O'Gorman, Judge McCunn, Bryan Lawrence, Judge White, Sheriff Lynch, ex-Sheriff Kelly, the officers of the Knights of St. Patrick, deputations from the various conferences of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, decorated with white sashes and badges, Andrew Carrigan, Daniel Devlin, John Mullaly, M. J. O'Donnell, the Common Council in a body, and representatives from various societies.

The following were the delegations and persons invited by the Trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral to attend the funeral services of the Archbishop :

Family of the deceased ; Sisters of Religious Orders ; President of the United States and Cabinet ; Governor of the State of New York and Staff ; Foreign dignitaries ; Judiciary ; Members of the Legislature ; Mayor and Officers ; Mayor and Common Council ; Board of Supervisors ; Board of Education ; Heads of Departments ; Commissioners of Charities and Corrections ; Dissenting Clergymen ; General John A. Dix and Staff ; General Hayes and Staff ; Army and Navy Officers ; Dele-

gation from Medical Societies; Representatives of Jesuit Colleges; Delegations of St. Vincent de Paul Society; Distinguished Catholics; Distinguished Protestants; Strangers from abroad.

In one of the front pews of the church sat Mr. Michael Hughes, a venerable, feeble old gentleman, over seventy years of age, the only brother of the late Archbishop. He came on from his home in Chambersburg, Pa., to attend the funeral, although in a very feeble state of health. In the same pew were two sisters of the deceased prelate, Mother Angela, for many years Superioress of Mount St. Vincent's Convent, and Mrs. Rodrigues, Mr. Rodrigues and sons, nephews of the Archbishop, together with a number of Sisters of Charity who occupied pews just behind.

The Office for the dead commenced at 10 o'clock, all the clergymen present participating, led by Rev. Dr. Cummings and Rev. Christopher Farrell. At its close Grand High Mass of Requiem was celebrated, Bishop Timon of Buffalo, officiating as celebrant; Very Rev. Wm. Starrs, V. G., as Assistant Priest; Rev. W. Quinn, as Deacon; Rev. Thomas Preston, as Sub-Deacon; Rev. F. McNierny, as Master of Ceremony, and Rev. C. Farrell, Assistant Master of Ceremonies. The following Prelates were present:

Right Rev. Dr. McCloskey, Bishop of Albany; Right Rev. Dr. Timon, Bishop of Buffalo; Right Rev. Dr. Loughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn; Right Rev. Dr. Bayley, Bishop of Newark; Right Rev. Dr. De Goesbriand, Bishop of Burlington; Right Rev. Dr. Bacon, Bishop of Portland; Right Rev. Dr. MacFarland, Bishop of Providence; Right Rev. Dr. Wood, Bishop of Philadelphia.

At the conclusion of the Mass, the Right Rev. Dr. McCloskey, Bishop of Albany, ascended the pulpit and addressed the vast congregation as follows:

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; as to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord, the just Judge will render to me."

If ever the words of the living could seem to issue forth, or be echoed back

from the lips of the dead, it is now, when these words, which I have just uttered, would appear rather as proceeding from the mouth of the illustrious departed prelate, whose venerated form, still clothed in all the insignia of his high and sacred office, lies here before us in placid dignity and calm repose. Yes, we fancy we hear him say—"Yes, truly, I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; for the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the just Judge, the Lord, shall render to me." When these words, beloved brethren, were first spoken, or rather written, by the great Apostle of the Gentiles, it was not, as we know, in any spirit of boastfulness or self-praise. They were meant simply as an earnest expression of the consciousness which he felt, that the term of his mortal labors was near at hand; that his work was finished; that his course was run; and that now, steadfast in the faith, firm in hope, he only awaited the summons of his Divine Master, which should call him to his reward. They were intended, too, to give courage, and strength, and consolation to the heart of his friend and fellow-laborer in the apostleship, Timothy, and not only to his own heart, but to the hearts of all his well-beloved spiritual children, scattered throughout the Church—that when he should have passed away from earth, when they should look upon his face, or hear his voice no more, they would not yield themselves up to the immoderate transports of grief, or indulge in tears simply of unavailing sorrow, but that they would rather be sustained and comforted by that grand and glorious faith which he had preached, by the remembrance of all his services, and all his labors; of how he had toiled, and endured, and suffered for them; how by all this, and through all this he had won a great reward. So even is it with us now. Our heads, indeed, are bowed down with sorrow, our hearts are oppressed and overwhelmed with a mighty load of grief, because our good and great Archbishop is no more. He whom we had loved so well, he who was our father and our benefactor, our guide, and trusted friend; he who was our pride and our joy; he who so long stood up among us as a pillar of safety and a tower of strength, he is no more. That voice of eloquence, those inspiriting harangues, those lessons of wisdom, those paternal counsels, those earnest and zealous exhortations which so often delighted our ears, instructed our minds, filled with transports of delight and joy our hearts—all these we shall hear no more; and we would be tempted to yield ourselves up wholly to the emotions of our grief, were it not that we think we hear him say, "Weep not, dear children; grieve not for me; be comforted by the thought that I have fought the good fight; the work that was given me to accomplish has been finished; I have run my course; I have kept the faith, and I now simply await my crown." Our loss, indeed, beloved brethren, is great. How great it is, how deeply and sincerely felt, has been made manifest by all that has been present before our eyes from the moment that his spirit took its flight from this lower world; by those manifestations of love, and gratitude, and pious feeling shown by a devoted people, in hundreds and in thousands day by day, in pressing forward to render their last tribute of respect, even to his cold remains, and to look upon his face once more, for the last time. It is not our loss alone—not the loss of a single congregation or single diocese—but it is a loss to the whole Church in this country—a loss felt by every Catholic heart throughout the land; for we do not doubt—we can not doubt—that when the electric spark carried, with its lightning speed, the sad tidings of his death throughout the length and breadth of the country, it thrilled every heart, especially every Catholic heart, with pangs of anguish. And it filled the hearts even of those who were not of the same Church or faith, it filled their breasts, too, with sentiments of deep and sincere regret. His fame, and name, and services too, were of the whole country, and I may say of the whole Church. He stood forward pre-eminent as the great prelate of the Church in this

country; as the able and heroic champion, as the defender of its faith, as the advocate of its rights, as the ever-vigilant and jealous guardian of its honor.

He was not only a great prelate, but he was a great man—one who has left his mark upon the age in which he lived—one who has made an impress upon every Catholic mind in this country, that time can never efface. Of such a life, of such a character, of such a history, beloved brethren, it would not be possible for me to speak in any adequate or becoming manner at this solemn and mournful moment. I cannot disguise from myself—I cannot disguise from you—that I would at any time, and least of all at a time like this, be wholly unequal to the task. But on a future and more fitting opportunity, on what is called the Month's Mind, due justice, we cannot doubt, will be given to that character, and to that life, and to those heroic deeds and mighty services, by one more fitted and more competent for the task. I am here, simply to mingle my sympathies with yours, simply to unite with you in paying to our Archbishop, upon this day, the tribute not only of our sincerest admiration and deepest veneration and respect, but also, and still more, the tribute of our heartfelt gratitude and affection. It was, beloved brethren, as many of you may remember—it was on this day, the next after the solemn feast of the Epiphany, just twenty-six years ago, that the same form that is here before us, motionless and cold in death, stood up within the sanctuary and before the altar of this cathedral, almost precisely upon the very spot where those remains now are—for this cathedral was not as spacious then as now—stood up in all the fullness of health and vigor, in all the freshness and maturity of great intellectual as well as physical strength and power. He knelt before the venerable Bishop Dubois, to be consecrated on that day, his coadjutor. The holy unctions were poured upon his head, the Bishop's hands were imposed, solemn prayers of the Church were recited, the mitre was placed upon his brow, the ring upon his finger, the crozier in his hand, and he stood up to take his place from thenceforth among the bishops of the Catholic Church. I well remember that great and imposing scene, contrasting so strangely and so mournfully with that which we now witness. I remember how all eyes were fixed, or at least all eyes were strained to get a glimpse of their newly consecrated Bishop, and as they saw that dignified and manly countenance, as they beheld those features beaming with the vigor of health and the light of intellect, bearing upon them the impress of that force of character, which peculiarly marked him throughout his life, that dignified presence, that unalterable and unbending will, and yet blended at the same time with great benignity and suavity—when they marked the quiet and modest composure and self-possession of every look and every gesture of his whole demeanor, all hearts were warmed and drawn towards him. Every pulse within that vast assembly, both of clergy and laity, was quickened with a heightened sense of courage and of hope. Every breast was filled with joy, and, as it were, with a new and younger life. Great expectations indeed had already been formed.

We had heard of him before. We had heard of him as the Pastor of St. John's Church at Philadelphia, of his great eloquence as a preacher, of his powerful arguments in discussion, in controversy, and in debate, and we all looked forward with joy and longing expectations toward the career upon which he was just then entering. Those hopes were not disappointed. Those expectations were even more than fully realized. It was with the greatest reluctance that the then young bishop had consented to accept the dignity that had been offered to him. There was a trying and a delicate task before him. His humility and his modesty shrank from it, and it was only in obedience to the voice of his superior, the Chief Pastor of the Church, that he bowed his head in submission to what he felt and believed to be the holy will of God. But, having

once put his hand to the plough, he never looked back; but rather from that hour and that moment all the great energies of his mind, heart, soul, and whole being were devoted to the great work before him. He was willing to spend and be spent for Christ; he never thought of himself—he thought only of the Church of which he was a consecrated prelate, of religion and the interests of religion which had been entrusted to his keeping—and never did he fail or falter in fidelity to that trust. We all know how soon the work of regeneration commenced. The good and venerable Bishop Dubois, bowed down with years, was only too glad to yield the government of so large a diocese into younger and stronger hands, and soon we all felt that the reins of administration were held in a strong, masterly, but prudent and skillful grasp. Immediately we saw the evidences every where around us of the power of his mind, the wisdom of his judgment, and of the devotedness and single-heartedness of his zeal. I will not attempt to enter into any detail; it would only mar the beauty of that great whole, by attempting what, at this time, would be an inadequate and imperfect history of his life. It is enough for us to remember what the diocese of New York, the Catholic Church in the State of New York, and I may say in this country, was when he commenced his career as Bishop of this great see, and what it was when he laid down his honors at the feet of his divine Master, and bade us farewell. Five dioceses are now where there was but one; clergymen counted by hundreds where they were before numbered by tens; churches, institutions of charity, of religion, of learning, springing up on every side; the whole character of the Catholic people raised and elevated, for, on the eminence on which he stood himself he seemed to raise up all his people toward him. Great works had been commenced and finished; noble works had also been commenced, but not given him to complete. One of the last acts of his life, as you remember, was the laying of the foundation stone of his noble cathedral. He did not expect, he did not promise himself the joy and pleasure of ever living to see its full completion, but he intended that he should begin it, that he should lay its broad foundation stone, and leave it to a devoted clergy and a loving and generous people to carry it on, and raise it up, and stand it there as the ever living and undying monument to his memory and his name. It was not to be expected that a life of such great labor would be extended to very many years. He sank under the weight of his cares. He had overtasked many a time and oft both his physical and mental powers. Strong and vigorous as they were, in the end they had to succumb. He was in feeble health through the last four years of his life, yet his mind was strong, clear, and vigorous. Still he knew his strength was failing—the term of his mortal career was drawing to an end.

When the announcement was made to him that his disease had reached a crisis, and there was no longer hope of life, he received it with the same calmness, courage, and composure, that he would the announcement of any ordinary piece of intelligence. He immediately prepared himself. His confessor was sent for; he made his confession with all the simplicity and humility of a child; he received, and was fortified by, the last sacraments of his Church, and then he awaited calmly and peacefully the summons of his God. He spent his last day simply in communing with his own heart; he uttered but few words, but he gave a loving glance of recognition to his friends as they came and stood by his bedside. He spoke by his look, not by his lips; and after an illness, painful, indeed—very painful at times—still, not very long, after a brief struggle, he returned his great and noble spirit to its Maker. He died full of years and full of honors, leaving behind him a record which no prelate of the Church in this country has ever left before, or will ever leave again; for it can be said, without any invidiousness, that he stood out prominently and pre-eminently as the great prelate of the American Church. He stood

forth as its representative, as its advocate, and as its defender, and all recognized his superior power and great abilities. In the meantime, looking now upon that life through the softened and gentle lustre which death has already thrown around it, his character seems to rise up, even in colossal sublimity and grandeur. All former prejudices are forgotten, all animosities laid aside, all differences, either of creed, feeling, or opinion—all melt and fade away in that august, imposing, and venerable presence. We think only of the great prelate and the great man, of his mighty deeds, of his unequaled services to the Church; we think only of the rare endowments of his mind and heart, and how fully and unreservedly they were devoted to the cause of his Divine Master. If I may be permitted to say it, there was one thing that distinguished our great Archbishop most particularly; it was his singular force, and clearness, and vigor of intellect, his strength of will, and his firmness of resolution. He was a stranger to fear, his heart was full of undaunted courage, and in the presence of difficulties and dangers, his energies seemed to be only aroused to greater strength and higher exertion. He never quailed before the presence of any danger, or difficulty, or trial. Not that he trusted only and solely in himself; he trusted in his cause, and he trusted in that God to whose service he had pledged and devoted his entire being. With these rare endowments of mind he combined also the gentler and more captivating qualities of heart. He was the kindest of fathers; he was the most faithful of friends. His heart was full of tenderness for the poor, the oppressed, and the afflicted. It was full, too, of genial warmth and sunshine. If there appeared at times to be an occasional tinge of severity in his character, it was not the natural character of the man. The genuine impulses and feelings of his heart were all of kindness and of gentleness. He despised everything that was mean and little. He could never stoop to any low trickery and artifice. He was candid, honest, and straightforward in all his dealings with men. He was unselfish and disinterested in everything that he had done for the Church, and in everything he undertook for the cause of his people—in every service he rendered either to religion or humanity. We have this to say, in conclusion, that if ever there was a man, who, in the whole history and character of his life, impressed upon us the sense and the conviction that he had been raised up by God—chosen as His instrument to do an appointed work, and strengthened by His grace, and supported by His arm for the accomplishment of that work for which he had been chosen and appointed—that man was Archbishop Hughes. He was from the beginning and till the end, clearly and plainly an instrument in the hands of God. As such he felt, as such he lived, and as such he died.

It is for us, beloved brethren, now to pay the last debt of affection and filial duty, which is to pray for the eternal repose of his soul. We do not claim for him, we do not claim for any man, no matter how exalted or sacred be his position, exemption from human frailty and human infirmity. He departed from this world, as we have said, strengthened and prepared by all the sacraments of the Church, by a life of sincere but unostentatious piety, by a heart truly devoted to his work; but still, if through human frailty there should yet remain some stain upon that great soul to be expiated, and washed away before it shall be so pure and undefiled as to be made worthy to enter into the presence of God, oh, let us give all the earnestness of our heart-felt suffrages and prayers; for our faith tells us and it is beautiful and consoling to believe that, though parted in the body, our spirits are still united, and that we may still love him, and still pray for him—aye, even perhaps be able to aid him by our poor but humble and earnest prayers. Bishops, then, fellow-prelates with him in the Church of God, we who have toiled and labored by his side, we who knew him so well, who were so often assisted by his counsel and aided by his wisdom,

let us pray. Priests of the sanctuary upon whom he has laid his venerated hand, to whom he has been a light and a guide and a source of joy, and a source of comfort and pride, do you pray for him. Holy virgins of the Church of God, spouses of Jesus Christ, do you pray for him. Little ones, fatherless and motherless, he who was your loving parent and generous benefactor, pray for him. Catholics, one and all, rich and poor, high and low, of every rank, and every condition, you owe him a debt of gratitude you never can repay, pray for him. In a moment more you will bid adieu, even to what still remains of him. In a moment more, with his mitre on his head, clothed in all the insignia of his high office, he will go as it were in solemn procession, bidding you all a last adieu; go to take his place with the prelates who went before him, and who, beneath the pavement of this venerable cathedral, now sleep the sleep of the just. He will go, and the chants and prayers of the Church will surround him, and, as the tones of that solemn dirge and of those touching prayers resound beneath those vaults, we still will fancy that we hear, in sweet responsive tones commingling with them and lingering still behind, "I have fought the good fight, I have run my course, I have kept the faith, I now go to receive my crown."

The funeral discourse produced a visible effect upon the audience: many of its allusions were so touching and tender that they melted numbers to tears, and it is certain no heart could refuse to respond to the last appeal which the eloquent prelate made for the great man's immortal happiness.

Immediately after the discourse had been delivered the solemn ceremony of the Absolution commenced. This was performed with all the impressive and sacred formalities the ceremony allows: First, a solemn procession, in the following order, issued from the sacristy:—

1. Two acolytes, with lighted candles.
2. Two acolytes, one with the censer, etc., and the other with the holy water vase.
3. The sub-deacon, carrying the cross, between two acolytes, with candlesticks containing lighted tapers,
4. Several clergymen, two by two.
5. The Deacon, and the assistant priest, the former at the left of the latter.
6. Bishops McCloskey, Bayley, Loughlin, and De Goesbriand.
7. Bishop Timon, between Vicar-General Starrs and Father Quinn.
8. The acolytes in waiting on Bishop Timon.

On reaching the catafalque, Bishop Timon, Very Rev. Mr. Starrs and Rev. Mr. Quinn, together with the two acolytes, bearing the holy water vase, and censer, stopped at the head; Bishop McCloskey sat at the right head corner, and Bishop Loughlin at the left head corner; Bishop De Goesbriand sat at the right foot corner, and Bishop Bayley at the left foot corner.

Bishop McCloskey, the prelate first in dignity, attended by Father McNeirny, Master of Ceremonies, put incense into the censer, blessed it, and attended by Very Rev. Mr. Conroy, of Albany, made a circuit of the catafalque three times, sprinkling it thrice at each corner with holy water, and incensing it in the same manner, reciting the prayer, *Et ne nos Inducas*, and the verses and prayer as in the Roman pontifical.

Bishop Bayley next made a circuit three times in the same manner as Bishop McCloskey, attended by Fathers Moran and Doane.

The circuit was made subsequently by Bishops Loughlin and De Goesbriand, attended respectively by Fathers O'Rielly and George McCloskey, and Fathers Foley and Hughes.

Last of all, Bishop Timon performed the same ceremony as the other prelates, and the *Libera* was chanted solemnly.

Father McNeirny addressed the congregation for the purpose of requesting that, at the removal of the remains no one should leave the church, or enter the vault, except the prelates, chaplains, and some members of the family. The undertakers then approached the catafalque, and placed all the floral wreaths and roses in the coffin. Six clergymen then placed the coffin on their shoulders, and, while the clergymen and choir chaunted a solemn dirge, the remains were conveyed in mournful processsion through the church, while the entire congregation stood gazing earnestly, for the last time, at the face of the Archbishop, which appeared distinctly above the head of the coffin, calm

and peaceful in the eternal sleep of death. The scene was such as has never been witnessed in this city before. There was a sadness and a quiet solemnity in it that struck the vast congregation with sorrow and awe. The feelings of all were strung to the highest pitch, and many a sob and subdued groan was heard in the midst of the solemn stillness.

The procession moved out of the cathedral to the vault in which repose the remains of Bishop Dubois, and others of the clergy. After depositing the body in its appropriate place, the procession re-entered the church, the low, solemn tones of the *De profundis* swelling up through the aisles as it passed along. The remains of the deceased Archbishop, however, will not rest permanently in their present place. It is intended to have a magnificent tomb for them erected in the new cathedral, as soon as it is finished, and there they will hereafter be removed, as soon as means and opportunity permit the great work to be completed. It is said that the Archbishop himself selected, some years ago, a spot in Calvary cemetery, in which he wished his remains to be entombed, and that he was accompanied on the occasion by Mr. M. J. O'Donnell, the well-known Secretary of the Orphan Asylum. We prefer to think, however, that they will not be disturbed until a fitting resting place shall have been prepared for them under the great edifice which he designed, and which should be the appropriate monument to his memory.

The music was of the grandest kind and was executed most exquisitely, although there was not an opportunity for all who had volunteered to join in the singing. It was under the direction of Mr. William Berge, the organist of St. Francis Xavier's Church. The Organist was Mr. Harrison of the cathedral. The princicipal part was Mozart's Requiem. Among the artists who sang were Messrs. R. Gonzales, director of St. Anne's Church, Wernecke, Hubner, Schwikardi and G. Schmidt.

Thus ended the solemn ceremony of the Church over the remains of its great champion in America. The clergymen re-entered the sacristry, the music died away, and the vast congregation, bearing away with them many solemn and sympathizing thoughts on the occasion, slowly left the Cathedral. It is proper to remark here that the Trustees of the Cathedral had a troublesome task, but went through it with the greatest urbanity. The police, also, were most efficient in their management. Several other gentlemen—Justice Dowling, among others—rendered efficient service in controlling the immense assemblage that were present on the occasion.

The city evinced its respect for the great Archbishop in every possible way. All the flags of the city were at half-mast, and the eye was struck as it passed along by a certain gloom and cessation of business in many parts, which told how genuine and sincere was the sympathy and respect for the renowned ecclesiastic.

In honor of the occasion, the Mayor and Comptroller announced that their several offices would be closed on the day of the funeral, and very little official business of any kind was done at any of the courts or public offices.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE ARCHBISHOP.

LETTER OF HON. WM. H. SEWARD, SECRETARY OF STATE.

In reply to an invitation from the Very Rev. Administrator of the Diocese, the following telegraphic despatch was received from the Secretary of State :

"WASHINGTON, January 5, 1864.

"*Very Rev. Wm. Starrs, Administrator of the Diocese of New York:*

"*Very Rev. and Dear Sir,*—I regret more deeply than I can express that indispensible official engagements will deprive me of the sad satisfaction of attending the obsequies of the late Archbishop, and thus manifesting, in the only way now possible, the respect and affection which I have so long cherished towards him as a faithful friend, a pious prelate, a loyal patriot, a great and a good man.

"W. H. SEWARD."

LETTER OF HON. HORATIO SEYMOUR, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

The following reply was received from Hon. Horatio Seymour, in answer to a similar invitation :

"STATE OF NEW YORK,
"EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
"ALBANY, January 5, 1864.

"*Very Rev. Dear Sir,*—I have received your announcement of the death of Archbishop Hughes, and your invitation to attend

his funeral. As the Legislature has just assembled, it is not possible for me to leave the Capital of the State. I regret it is not in my power to show, by my attendance, my respect for the memory of one of the marked men of our country. The life-long labors of the late Archbishop will tell for a long period upon the literature, the religion, and the charitable institutions of our land. In a few years the city of New York will be adorned by a magnificent Cathedral, the broad foundations of which were laid under his supervision and care. So, too, in the future will the interests of learning, religion, and charity be built upon the ground-works which he has established during his long and laborious life. The progress of events and the growth of our country will not throw his memory into the shade, but they will develop and make more clear his influence upon the social condition of our people.

"Truly yours,

"HORATIO SEYMOUR.

"To Very Rev. Wm. Starrs,
Administrator of the Diocese of New York."

Resolutions of the Trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

On the 4th inst. the Trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral met to take action with regard to the death of the Archbishop. Trustees J. Kelly, M. J. O'Donnell, P. O'Connor, H. Kelly, McKinley, Lynch, Hogan, Dolan and Carolin. A committee of arrangements was appointed to attend to the funeral services, and another committee, consisting of Messrs. O'Connor and Carolin, were authorized to draw up a set of resolutions expressive of the feelings of the Board. The following are the resolutions adopted :

Resolved, That in the death of the most Reverend John Hughes, D. D., Archbishop of New York, the Roman Catholic Church laments the loss of an illustrious prelate, whose life was devoted to the promulgation of her faith, and who by his labors extended the benign influence of her sacred teachings.

Resolved, That with grateful recognition we record that from the first moment of his entering upon the duties of his mission in this diocese until the close of his mortal career, he upheld with unfaltering arm the banner of our holy church, and zealously promoted the welfare of those confided to his spiritual care and protection. The numerous churches, colleges, seminaries of learning

and religious orders, the hospitals and asylums, called into existence by his industry and energy, will long remain to perpetuate the memory of his religious zeal and the benevolence of his heart.

Resolved, That we recall with pride the many instances in which our Most Reverend Archbishop stood forth as the champion of our faith, of education and civil and religious liberty ; illustrating in his career the virtues of a Pastor attached to his flock, and the ability of a Statesman anxious for the welfare of his country.

Exiled in early life from the land of his birth, he deeply sympathized with her sufferings and sorrows, his eloquent and powerful voice being always raised in advocacy of her rights and in indignation against her wrongs. The land of his adoption will cherish the remembrance of his disinterested patriotism and devotion to her interests and honor.

Resolved, That while we bow in humility to the dispensation of the Almighty, who has taken from us our beloved Pastor, we are consoled by the reflection that the memory of his virtues and labors will endure to animate those who are to follow him in the great mission of charity, education, and of our holy religion, with his spirit of devotion to the advancement of our holy faith and the greater glory of God.

LETTER OF MAYOR GUNTHER TO THE COMMON COUNCIL.

The following letter was sent to the Common Council by his honor, the Mayor, Jan. 4, 1864 :

"MAYOR'S OFFICE, NEW YORK, Jan. 4, 1864.

" *To the honorable the Common Council :*

"*Gentlemen*,—A dispensation of our Heavenly Father, which will plunge thousands of our fellow citizens in grief, constrains me to call to your official notice the demise of the illustrious Archbishop Hughes.

"It is not that an eloquent and exalted prelate has passed away, but in his death our country has lost an eminent citizen and pure patriot ; for this we may mingle our tears with those of others bound by the most sacred ties to the departed, and remember, in the words of another eloquent preacher, that ' God alone is great.' Death has quenched the fire of his genius, but has had no power over his virtues. Mindful of these and the distinguished public services of the deceased, the representatives of the city will, I am sure, accord to his memory the tribute of their gratitude and respect.

"C. GODFREY GUNTHER, *Mayor*."

RESOLUTIONS OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.

On the 6th instant the Common Council met, pursuant to a special call made for the purpose, and adopted the following preamble and resolutions of eulogy and lament in regard to the Archbishop:

Whereas, The city of New York has again been visited by the fell destroyer. Death has again been among us, and this time has struck down one of our most valued citizens—one of the most remarkable men of his day and generation. John Hughes, Archbishop of New York, has been summoned before the Great Architect of the universe, to account for the use made of the attributes of greatness conferred upon him by the Creator, which have so distinguished him among his fellow men, and which have so indelibly placed the mark of superiority upon every act of his life.

He died on Sunday the 3d instant, at his residence in Madison Avenue, at the advanced age of sixty-five years; and whereas, it is manifestly the duty of the Common Council, the representatives of the people of this city—all classes of whom regret the death of the excellent divine, many of whom will mourn his loss as they would the loss of the head of their own household—to give expression to their sorrow for his death, to add their feeble tribute of respect to his memory, and to place on record among the archives of the city their appreciation of the conservative course pursued by him as a public man, his indomitable perseverance in the cause of truth and justice, his exalted virtues, and Christian piety, as well as to lend their aid in transmitting to posterity a record of his noble deeds, his good works, and his disinterested and invaluable services in behalf of the country of his adoption, at a time when such services as he only could render, at the Courts of France and Rome, whither he was sent, in a semi-official capacity, by the President of the United States, were of such inestimable value to the nation—be it, therefore

Resolved, That in the death of John Hughes, Archbishop of New York, the country is called upon to mourn the loss of a conservative, influential, and enlightened citizen; the city of New York has lost a great and good man; the numerous intelligent and conservative denomination of Christians, of which he was the acknowledged head in this country, has lost a wise, zealous, and indefatigable advocate, counselor, and guide; the religion of which he was such a conscientious and devoted disciple has lost an able and powerful advocate, and its peculiar tenets a learned expounder. His death is a great public calamity, for we look in vain for one in any respect his equal, or one so well quali-

fied to fill the place made vacant by deceased; and, while we deplore his loss, we ask, in all humility, of Him who has thus afflicted us, to raise up in our midst one to fill his place who shall possess those great qualities that have rendered him so dear to us, so serviceable to his country, and so advantageous to religion and to society.

Resolved, That while we thus give expression to our sense of the loss experienced by our city, our State and our country by the death of Archbishop Hughes, we are not presumptuous enough to suppose that we are adding in any marked degree to the general sorrow, or that our action will materially add to his world-wide fame, and the renown he has acquired in those peaceful triumphs of mind over matter that have characterized every important act of his useful life. Sentiments of profound regret will continue to be entertained and expressed by all classes of our citizens; his memory will remain enriched in the hearts of the inheritors of his faith for all time to come, and his name and fame will be transmitted to posterity, and be revered and hallowed to the remotest generation. The many edifices he has erected and dedicated to the service of the living God, the homes for the helpless and dependent orphans he has founded, and the institutions of learning he has established, will remain lasting monuments of his disinterestedness and devotion to the cause of religion, of charity, of education, and will continue to retain in grateful remembrance by future generations, the name and fame of John Hughes, the first Archbishop of the diocese of New York.

Resolved, That in his life we recognize a continued succession of deeds of love and adoration for his Divine Master; so in his death we behold the signal for the departure from this sinful world of one who had performed every duty to his God, his country, and his fellow man. The former was a beautiful commentary on the benefits and advantages of our republican form of government, which not only admits of, but assists in, the elevation of its lowliest citizens, as it did him, from the humblest walks of life, to the highest dignity in the Church and in the State, and to the first place in the affections of the people; the latter will inculcate a moral lesson more impressively grand as we contemplate the advantages of endeavoring to imitate the example of Him who was meekness and loveliness personified; Him who has promised dignities and honors, such as the mind of man can not conceive, to those who in this life, as did the lamented and venerated deceased, take up their cross and follow Him. From our knowledge of the devout and holy life of the deceased prelate, and the hopes of a blessed immortality entertained and cherished by him, it is not presumptuous in us to believe that in his last moments he

realized the beatific vision so beautifully and impressively described in the words of "The dying Christian to his soul"—that

> The Earth recedes, it disappears.
> Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
> With sounds seraphic ring;
> Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly;
> O! grave, where is thy victory?
> O! death, where is thy sting?

Resolved, That out of respect for the memory of the deceased prelate, and in consideration of his private virtues and public services, this Common Council will attend his funeral in a body, with their staffs of office draped in mourning; that they will cause the flags to be displayed at half-mast on the City Hall and the other public buildings on the day set apart for the funeral rites and ceremonies; that the public buildings and offices of the Corporation be closed on that day, and that a special committee of five members from each Board be appointed to make the necessary arrangements for attending the obsequies.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the Common Council is hereby authorized and directed to cause a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions to be suitably engrossed, appropriately framed, duly authenticated, and transmitted to the Vicar General, in order that it may be placed among the archives of the diocese, there to remain as a slight memento of the esteem and veneration in which the distinguished deceased was held by the municipal authorities of the city of New York; and be it further—

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Board do now adjourn.

The President put the question on the adoption of the preamble and all but the last one of the series of resolutions, which were unanimously carried.

Whereupon the President appointed Aldermen Fox, McCool, Farley, Long, and Shannon as the special Committee on the part of this Board.

The question was then taken on the last resolution, which was also unanimously carried.

D. T. Valentine, *Clerk.*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

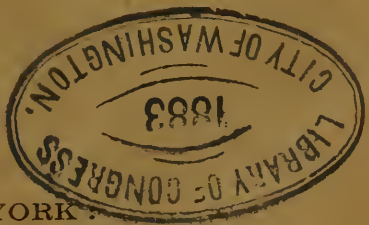
OF

THE MOST

REV. JOHN HUGHES, D.D.,

Archbishop of New York.

WITH PORTRAIT.



NEW YORK:

OFFICE OF THE 'METROPOLITAN RECORD," No. 419 BROADWAY.

1864.

Price Twenty-five cents.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

The METROPOLITAN RECORD is published in New York once a week, and contains sixteen quarto pages, or sixty-four columns, of varied and interesting reading matter, news of all kinds—foreign and domestic—stories, poetry, literary notices, miscellaneous reading, etc.

The Editorial columns are devoted to a discussion of the prominent topics of the day, and all other subjects that properly come within the scope of such a journal.

The RECORD is an unswerving opponent of fanaticism in every form, and an advocate of constitutional liberty and the rights of the citizens, against despotic usurpation.

The Business Department is carried on with that strict attention to all its details without which no paper can expect to succeed, no matter how liberally supported or how ably conducted; and all the business transactions of the establishment are conducted on a cash basis.

This journal is published weekly at No. 419 Broadway, and delivered to city and mail subscribers on the following terms:

Price per year, served by carrier.....	$3 00
Price per year, served by mail.....	2 50
Price per year, for six copies or more.....	2 00

To Canadian subscribers the RECORD is served for $3 per year, as there is an advance of fifty cents in the postage; while to subscribers in Ireland it will be $3.50, for the same reason.

The advertising rates are as follows:

To transient advertisers.....	12½ cents per line.
To yearly advertisers.....	5 " "

Clubs of six or more will be supplied with the RECORD at two dollars a year to each subscriber.

All orders and communications should be addressed to the Editor No. 419 Broadway, New York.

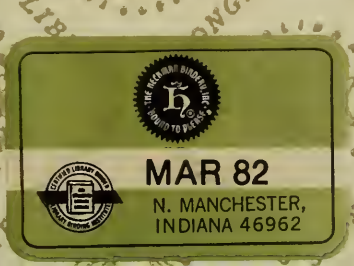
JOHN MULLALY,
Editor and Proprietor.

H 112 82

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: March 2006

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS


MAR 82
N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00021085972